The Relief Society Magazine

L. 45 NO. 3

MARCH 1958

not charity, I am become as
sounding brass, or a tink-
ling cymbal.
And though I have
the gift of prophecy,
and understand
all mysteries, and all knowl-
edge; and though I have all
faith, so that I could remove
mountains and have not
charity, I am nothing.
nd though I be
stow all my goods
(to feed the poor,
and though I give my body
to be burned, and have not
charity, it profiteth me
nothing.
harity suffer
long, and is k
charity envi
not; charity vaunteth

Repeat in Silence

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

A pitcher fashioned like an ear of corn
Holds life within Japonica's bright gift
Of crimson beauty where loosed petals drift
On wisdom from St. Paul, the Roman-born.
Red springtime from the Orient, the gold
Of Indian maize, ceramic artistry,
All blended in symbolic unity
Repeat in silence here the brief we hold:
If hands that love these blossoms in the East
Clasped red man's and white artist's, too, to find
That charity, which suffers long, is kind,
They would discover human strife had ceased.
All hearts would meet as Book meets
maize and flower,
And charity would shape our crucial hour.

The Cover: Ocean Vista, Tahiti
Photograph by Studio Mackenzie
Submitted by Larson Caldwell

Frontispiece: Blossoms and The Book
Luoma Photos

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

From Near and Far

This octogenerian was thrilled as I spent this evening reading the December 1957 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. First, I scanned the *Magazine* for poems . . . . The lessons always get my eye. I read each one carefully before its day of presentation. Writing with a string ("Tie Your Ideas With String," by Sylvia Pezoldt, page 833) seemed interesting and full of ideas. That dear Bodell Jensen (page 823), I wish she gave more details about her rugs. The cookies ("Holiday Guests Deserve the Best," by Helen W. Anderson, page 817), tasted good, especially the rasin-sugar cookies. I smacked my lips on those I'd like to try. President Clark's book ("*Wist Ye Not That I Must Be About My Father's Business?*") I would like to own. All the ideas were grand for Christmas. The "Testimonies of the First Presidency" (page 798) revealed the very spirit of Christmas, and it was wonderful to read of "The Arrival of the Shepherds."

—Laura P. Merrill
Logan, Utah

I love the *Magazine*, but nothing in it has ever stirred me as Helen Candland Stark's "Pray Without Ceasing" (First Prize Poem, Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, January 1958). It thrills me to know we have such artists in the Church. The vivid imagery of this poem and the beautiful sound are second only to the profound and inspiring thoughts expressed in it. With each reading, it takes an added meaning for me.

—Marian S. Bergin
Palo Alto, California

When men want to express themselves in humble terms before God, they turn to the Bible. This is strongly brought out in the December issue of the *Magazine*, in the testimonies of President McKay, President Richards, and President Clark. All believe in their hearts that God "so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

—Charles V. Worthington
Los Angeles, California

I want to thank you for the wonderful inspiration and help I have received this year from *The Relief Society Magazine*. All of the lessons are very inspirational. I have especially enjoyed the ones on Shakespeare. I am teaching the literature lessons in the Tucson Second Ward, and also I had the privilege last year of teaching in the Tucson Third Ward. I am very grateful for this opportunity, for it has given me a wonderful background for the study of Shakespeare and the Elizabethan period, and a greater love for the man who understood human nature and could portray it so beautifully in his plays and sonnets. I thank the members of the General Board for giving us all the courses of study we have in Relief Society, and for presenting them in the *Magazine*. They provide a liberal education for us. I am proud to be a member of such a wonderful organization.

—Katheryn C. Morrow
Tucson, Arizona

I feel I must tell you how much I enjoy reading the *Magazine*, especially the recipes from the South African Mission. Also, the stories are lovely, and I like to see the beautiful handwork of the Relief Society sisters — the quilts of many different designs which I have never seen out here.

—Carrie Rogers
East London
South Africa

We try to place *The Relief Society Magazine* wherever possible. Again expressing our appreciation for the wonderful things that are in the *Magazine* and the great effort that is put forth in the publication. I am thankful I know so many of the contributors because I can just visualize as I read the article that person talking to us with the faith and humility and sincerity that is behind each of these wonderful articles.

—Nina N. Bowman
President
Spanish-American Mission
Relief Society

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Relief Societies in Primitive Times?

Elder Spencer W. Kimball

Of the Council of the Twelve

JANET Jones was a new Relief Society president, very young for such a heavy responsibility. There were in the ward many older women of maturity and training, which increased her timidity as she accepted this new calling. There were many questions to ask about it as the bishopric set her apart, and they had been intelligent ones, for she was entering her new work with her whole soul. Her inquiries covered the responsibilities, the lesson work, the meetings, the organizational functions and, finally, she said:

"Bishop Smith, may I ask one more question to satisfy me? I have long wondered, was there ever a Relief Society before 1842, when the Prophet organized it in our own time?"

Bishop Smith scratched his head. "Well, Sister Jones, you have me puzzled now. I do not know. That is a new question to me. Why do you ask?"

"Since my call to this new work," she said, "I have lain sleepless hours wondering how I could best serve and I have read the scriptures more than I ever did before."

"I do not recall the mention of any such organization," returned the Bishop. "Tell me what you have in mind."

Sister Jones straightened up a little on her chair and began: "When Paul was explaining the organization of the Church to the Corinthian saints, he spoke of the body of the Church and mentioned the various members of the body: the eye, the nose, the foot, the hand, the ear, the head: 'But now are they many members, yet but one body,' he says as he explains inter-relationships which exist, and the need of each member of the others. Speaking directly to the saints, he says that there should be no schism in the body but that all members should work together in harmony and unity. Then Paul mentions the members which God has set in the Church: '. . . first apostles, secondarily prophets, thirdly teachers, after that miracles, then gifts of healing, helps, governments, diversities of tongues.' He spoke to the Ephesian saints also about the offices, mentioning apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, and teachers. What did he mean by helps and governments, Bishop?

"Could the 'governments' be the Priesthood leaders who do actually govern and direct all the work in the Church, and could the 'helps' mean the helping organizations such as Relief Society? In our day we call them Auxiliaries; in the early days perhaps they called them helps. Is it not the same?"

The Bishop was thoughtful. "That is interesting, Sister Jones. Go on."

And she proceeded eagerly. "Much was said about these different members of the body of Christ.

Paul explained the same thing to the Roman saints, urging proper service to those who teach, those who exhort, those who prophesy, those who minister and those who rule" (Romans 12:4-8).

The bishopric had many things planned to do this night, but this was a provoking thought. They would hear it through. "What else makes you think there was an early-day Relief Society?" they inquired.

"As I read of the last days of Christ in his mortal tabernacle, I seem to feel his eagerness to teach the people everything which they could absorb to fortify them more fully against the almost unbearable trials which would come. When the verdict had been given and Christ was on his way to Golgotha:

> . . . there followed him a great company of people, and of women, which also bewailed and lamented him. But Jesus turning unto them said, Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children (Luke 23:27-28).

"And while Jesus proceeded to predict the calamities that would come, I have always felt there might be other more immediate and pointed instruction to them. Here was a great company of women following the spectacular, away from their homes, weeping over the things they could not help nor hinder and forgetting the things which were in their power to change. The Christ was condemned. The dye was cast. He was to die by being crucified as prophets had said. Though he could have failed, though legions of angels could have saved him, it was not to be. He had made his own determination at Gethsemane. All the tears of all Judea could profit him little, but there were things which these daughters of Jerusalem could be doing. He reminded them of that: Weep not for me, I have perfected my life, I am going to my Father, I have finished my work, mortality has no further claim upon me, suffering and pain invoke no fears. 'But weep for yourselves, and for your children.'

"I like to think he was saying to these women: Go home, cease your curiosity-seeking, leave alone the spectacular, go home and put your own lives in order so that when the predicted calamities come you will be in the same position as I now am in, wherein I can walk without fear or malice or enmity or bitterness to my crucifix. Go home, Daughters of Jerusalem, to your children and spend your lives rearing them righteously, giving to them proper examples so that for them also there can be no tragedy when calamities howl.

"Personally, I cannot hear a mother of Israel ever say to the mountains 'Fall on us,' no matter what the circumstances, if her children have continally walked in the light. I can hardly imagine the children saying to the hills 'Cover us,' if, through the teachings of their parents and the Church, they live on a plane above fear.

"As I studied this picture I concluded that if there was not a Relief Society there should have been, and if these women did not belong and attend, they should have done so, for this is the spirit of Relief Society work as I like to think of it.

"In our Sixth Article of Faith, we express the thought:

We believe in the same organization that existed in the Primitive Church, viz., apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, etc.

"Then I remember that the Prophet Joseph Smith is reported to have said: 'The Church was never perfectly organized until the women were thus organized' (*Relief Society Magazine*, March 1919, page 129).

"The Savior was telling of the time when he should come in glory and he gave his teachings in parable. Certainly, this is the work of Relief Society: humanitarian service, uncompensated service, without regard to rich or poor—race or color or station in life. Certainly, if all women had attended Relief Society and caught the total spirit of the work as revealed through this teaching, they would be among the sheep rather than the goats as the culling-out process began. Read again this beautiful story:

When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory:

And before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats:

And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:

For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in:

Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink?

When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee?

Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels:

For I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink:

I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.

Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?

Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.

And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal (Mt. 25:31-46).

THE new Relief Society worker was deep in the spirit of her calling. She believed in Relief Society work. There was more and the bishopric was interested. She continued:

"The Redeemer visited his friends at Bethany often, and upon one occasion taught a great lesson to these two women and others. The spiritual life to him was most im-

portant. The homemaking and other duties had their place, but Mary had chosen the 'good' part when she listened to every word which came from her Savior. If a local Relief Society had not been yet organized in Bethany, at least the teachings of the organization were being planted deeply there. The Lord had reminded the one sister:

> Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her (Luke 10:41-42).

One of the counselors mentioned that he knew many women who were immaculate housekeepers and who let the temporal crowd out the spiritual. He recalled that the Savior did not condemn Martha for her concern about household duties, but emphasized the fact that there was a time for all things and this Relief Society women are taught.

The other counselor half facetiously asked: "But, Sister Jones, didn't Paul tell the women to keep silent in the churches?"

"I do not believe that Paul, or any other leader, ruled out women from important work in the Church," said Sister Jones with a gleam in her eye. She was one who appreciated the blessings of women in the Church and the high pedestal on which the gospel and the Church placed them. "I know that woman's work is all supervised and directed by the Priesthood, but I am sure the Lord never intended that women should be inferior or silent or inactive.

"One of the Church commentators explained this in a way I liked," said Sister Jones. "He said that the women of that branch were likely quarrelsome, gossipy, noisy, and dominating, and Paul's idea was to have them be quiet and wait for direction from the Priesthood. Whether or not such an interpretation is accurate I do not know, but it sounds reasonable to me.

"Priscilla was assisting her husband Aquila in preaching the gospel. Today, we have husbands and wives proselyting together as stake missionaries.

"It seemed quite proper to the Prophet Joel as he prophesied that not only the sons but the daughters also should prophesy, and that the Lord would pour out his spirit on the daughters of Zion as well as upon the men. And in Acts 21:9, we learn of four virgin daughters of Philip who had prophetic powers. The Lord gave one of his most powerful parables using ten women as the characters and their works as the criterion for their acceptance."

"You really are converted to the Relief Society work, Sister Jones," commented the Bishop. "You make us feel that you will give yourself devotedly to the welfare of the sisters of this ward and through them to all the people."

"YES, Brethren," and she continued, "I'd like to know if I am thinking clearly in this matter. There is the 'elect lady' spoken of in the Second Epistle of John. If there was not a Relief Society organization, at least this sounds like Relief Society work. He speaks to the 'elect lady and her children, whom I love in the truth. . . . I rejoiced greatly that I found of thy children walking in truth.' Then he repledges them to continue walk-

ing after his commandments. I wondered who was an 'elect lady,' Brethren, until I read what the Prophet Joseph gave in clarification. He wrote:

> I gave much instruction, read in the New Testament, and Book of Doctrine and Covenants, concerning the Elect Lady, and showed that the elect meant to be elected to a certain work, &c., and that the revelation was then fulfilled by Sister Emma's election to the Presidency of the Society, she having previously been ordained to expound the Scriptures (*D.H.C.*, IV, pp. 552-553).

As the bishopric gave her instructions, they had explained her part in the welfare work of the Church, and she asked again: "Don't you think they had women to assist in the distribution of relief assistance in the days of the early Church, Brethren? I read where they had all things in common and none suffered. Is it not likely that there were sisters there also to help? I learn that as the Church grew and the Grecian brethren were much occupied with Church service, even to the neglect of their families, they and others of the saints complained and, as a result a conference was called, as the result of which seven holy, active, and wise men were called especially to look after the temporal service. The scripture does not say they were to do the work, but speaks of them as men 'whom we may appoint over this business.' Surely the Priesthood would organize and direct it, but, Brethren, do you think that men could properly look after all the needs of the multitude including the wants of children and women?"

The bishopric chuckled a little and one said, "Now, Sister Jones, we know full well that when there is hard and specialized work of that kind to do, the sisters do it."

SISTER Jones was quite serious and asked: "Don't you think that there must have been women to investigate needs, to look after women and children and widows in their affliction, and, if so, don't you think they could do it better if organized? It wouldn't matter much what the name was but 'Relief Society' is a good name. And James says:

> Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction . . . (James 1:27).

"Now, don't you think that the sisters would naturally be employed to do much of that? James again says:

> What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he hath faith, and have not works? can faith save him? If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, And one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit? (James 2:14-16).

"Isn't this the work of the sisters also?"

"We're interested, Sister Jones. Go on," the bishopric said as they relaxed a bit in their chairs. She continued:

"Then, there is the case of the lovely lady Tabitha, one of the disciples who lived at Joppa, which seems to have been a stronghold for the faith. Perhaps there was a strong branch there. And there were groups also at nearby Saron and

Lydda (Acts 9). Tabitha was also called Dorcas, and she was known for her 'good works and almsdeeds which she did.' The disciples at Joppa were mourning deeply when the sweet, public-spirited woman passed away. They prepared the body for burial by washing and laid it out in state in an upper room. There was much weeping while two messengers hurried to Lydda to induce the great apostle Peter to come to them. When Peter came, he went alone into the death chamber, knelt, and prayed and by his Priesthood said to Dorcas, 'Tabitha, arise.' She opened her eyes, sat up, took the outstretched hand of the Church leader, and was presented by him to all the saints. They were awe-stricken. Now, Brethren, this woman was no ordinary person. She was known to all as a public figure. She was benevolent. She made clothes, for with great sorrow they had laid out before Peter 'the coats and garments which Dorcas made.' The joy was universal when she was returned to them.

"BRETHREN, there must have been many women among the disciples at Joppa, and wouldn't they have been organized? And doesn't this incident reveal Relief Society work?"

"You've been thinking about and preparing for your work a great deal, Sister Jones, since you were called. We commend you for your devotion."

"Yes, Brethren, I am eager to serve well. In order to do so I want to learn all I can about the work. Of course, I could be wrong," continued the new woman leader. "But it sounds to me as if the apostle Peter might have been addressing a Relief Society conference or perhaps a quarterly conference, when he said:

> Likewise, ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands; that, if any obey not the word, they also may without the word be won by the conversation of the wives;
>
> While they behold your chaste conversation coupled with fear.
>
> Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel;
>
> But let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.
>
> For after this manner in the old time the holy women also, who trusted in God, adorned themselves, being in subjection unto their own husbands:
>
> Even as Sara obeyed Abraham, calling him lord: whose daughters ye are, as long as ye do well, and are not afraid with any amazement (I Peter 3:1-6).

"Am I completely wrong, Brethren?" asked the Relief Society President. "Have I speculated too much?"

"Your observations have been most interesting, Sister Jones," Bishop Smith answered. "I do not know if the early Church had a Relief Society, but I am sure that it needed one. I read the objectives of the organization as mentioned by the Prophet Joseph as he organized the first group in this dispensation as a call to all women to be chaste, pure, and virtuous; righteous but not self-righteous; to be tolerant, forbearing and forgiving even to

the 490th time; devotion, but not a zeal running to fanaticism. The Prophet says to women to be still, be prudent, repent, reform, put a double watch over the tongue, an unruly member which oppresses, injures, and destroys.

"The women of the association formed by the Prophet were to bring the guilty to repentance but never to repeat even truthful guilt in the open where it could hurt. They were to 'rather spare ten iniquitous among you, than condemn one innocent one.' They should be full of tenderness, kindness, sympathy, and let their mercy run hand in hand with reproof; to 'feed the sheep, and not destroy them' and save souls, bringing them unto Christ (*D.H.C.* V, 19 ff.). And if the organization was to function as it seems to have done, there must have been auxiliary organizations to assist the brethren to carry on the work. Whether there were formal organizations of sisters or not, undoubtedly they were called and taught to do the work now given Relief Society sisters.

The Bishop blessed Sister Jones for her devotion and interest. "We appreciate your willingness to serve, Sister Jones. We predict a brilliant leadership from you and much progress with the organization while you are in leadership."

Let There Be Silence

Miranda Snow Walton

Let earth be silent, let the trumpet die;
The screaming chaos of the highways rend
The ether; from above the jarring cry
Of roaring jets and sonic booms descend.
The raucous coughing of deep-throated mills
Merges with divers engines' droning beat,
Clamor invades the cities, blasts the hills;
Let mighty silence walk with quiet feet.
Confusion rules the council-halls of state,
Each nation's agent shouting to be heard;
The babble of the blatant potentate
Strangles the wiser statesman's quiet word.
Oh, world, confused and sick, just for this day
Let sacred stillness surge within your breast;
Let manmade eagles fold their wings in rest..
Let quiet meditation bring the peace you seek,
For God is in his holy temple and would speak.

In Memoriam
Elder Thomas E. McKay

(October 29, 1875—January 15, 1958)

Elder Clifford E. Young

Assistant to the Council of the Twelve

ELDER THOMAS E. McKAY

IN the passing of Elder Thomas E. McKay, one of the Assistants to the Quorum of the Twelve, the Church has lost a valiant witness of the truth, and the State a valued, loyal citizen.

Brother McKay was the son of David and Jeannette Evans McKay and was born in Huntsville, Utah, October 29, 1875. His parents were converts to the Church, his father having come from Scotland, his mother from Wales. He was a brother of our beloved President David O. McKay and between these two there was an affectionate bond comparable to that of Jonathan and David of old. Brother McKay often paid affectionate tribute to his parents. They were pioneers in the Ogden Valley and stalwarts in the Church. The son, Thomas, having come from such excellent parents reflected throughout his life their integrity and strength of character.

He served as a missionary, stake president, twice President of the Swiss-German Mission, and acting president of the European Mission during World War II. At the April Conference in 1941, he was called to be one of the Assistants to the Quorum of the Twelve.

In his ministry throughout the Church, Brother McKay was loved and respected by all who had the privilege of knowing him and feeling a love and confidence in the work of the Lord which he reflected in his everyday life. He was firm in his counsel for the truth, but had a kindly manner so that the most sensitive took no exceptions to his reproofs. He was one who reproved with sharpness when moved upon by the Holy Ghost, then showed forth an increase of love toward him whom he had perchance reproved. His faithfulness was stronger than the cords of death, and he was full of charity towards all men. In very deed virtue garnished his thoughts unceasingly. (See D&C 121:43, 45.)

Brother McKay never spoke un-

kindly of anyone. He was strong in his convictions, religiously and politically, but withal, did not question the motives of those who did not agree with him.

In his public service integrity was his watchword, always loyal and true to the trust the people imposed in him. He gave long and faihful service to the State.

To his family he was a loving, devoted husband and father. His wife and children were constantly in his thoughts. His love and devotion to Sister McKay will ever be a source of inspiration to all who were fortunate enough to come in the intimacy of his family circle.

Jesus taught us not only the way of life—the abundant life, with all the virtues that make life so sweet, but also the way of death; that death is not the end, but the beginning of a new life; that there is in reality no death of the spirit; that we take up over there, "behind the veil," where we leave off here.

I pay loving tribute to this great man. We who knew Brother McKay will miss him, but his life, his integrity, his devotion to every trust will ever be a source of inspiration to all of us. In his passing there was released from this life a great soul.

Woodland Cathedral

Caroline Eyring Miner

White aspen pillars push against the sky,
And emerald laces make a shady bower
Against the fiery dome of heaven, that high
Above shows blue and gold like summer flower
Sun-drenched. I tread on carpet green and lush
And kneel where golden sunlight hallows all.
My altar is a rock where moss lies plush.
Here zephyrs whisper and here sweet birds call
In heavenly choir. This music, soft and sweet
As tolling church bells in the setting sun,
Comforts my weary soul and makes complete
A symphony with singing brook. Then One
To whom I pray here in this woodland fair
Comes whispering peace in answer to my prayer.

Third Prize Story

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

Wee Pine Knot

Edna H. Day

MARGARET Davenport stooped to retrieve the morning paper from the front steps where the boy had flung it, and carried it into the kitchen.

Jim was finishing the last of his hot cakes. It would soon be time for him to leave for the law office where he worked and hoped someday to be a partner.

"Want to see it for a minute?" she asked. "You have time."

Jim looked at the headlines, turned to the sports for a brief perusal, and then glanced quickly at the ever-growing columns of *Houses for Sale*. It had become a game with them, a just-for-fun morning diversion.

"Listen to this one," he said, turning the paper inside-out and folding it so he could see it more easily. Then he read a new one, beginning, *For Sale, by Owner*. "Sounds like a honey." He glanced expectantly at Margaret, who was clearing the table and stacking the dishes in the sink. "Has a dishwasher, too."

"And a counter-top stove, and a wall-oven, and all the latest gadgets. Let's buy it." She always played the game, but lately her tone had been a bit wishful.

The home which they were buying was a remodeled older house. It was adequate for their present needs, she supposed, but it was anything but glamorous. Not like Jack's and Phil's, certainly, nor Bob's and Jean's new split-level, nor the ranch-type beauty which Jim's boss had just built in the exclusive Lloyd Park addition.

EDNA H. DAY

"I'm afraid we made a mistake when we bought an old house, Mrs. Davenport," he said, "but it looks as though we're stuck with it." This, too, was a part of the game.

"See you tonight," he said, as he drew her close and planted a kiss on her soft lips. Jim could still thrill her with his parting embrace six years after their honeymoon. He never gave her a quick peck direct-

ed somewhere near her mouth in the preoccupied fashion of some husbands. His parting caress was always the same sweet ceremony it had been in the beginning.

"Bye, daddy," chorused the four-year-old twins, Jane and Jamie, standing, pajama-clad, in the door of their room.

"See you," Jim called, as he dashed for the bus, just rounding the corner.

"Come get your breakfast, you two," Margaret called. "And then out to your sandbox. I have to wash." She couldn't help thinking how nice it would be to toss the clothes into an automatic washer and go on with her work. Drying clothes in the lovely old back yard wasn't too bad in the summer, but a drier, too, would be a mighty handy appliance in the wintertime.

MARGARET gathered clean sheets from the cupboard in the hall. Its shelves were unhandy, and the knobs were old-fashioned. She contrasted it with the plain beauty of the ones in the Long's new place which had doors concealed in the lovely wood paneling.

She carried two pairs of sheets into the children's room and proceeded to make their twin beds. It won't be long, she thought, until another bedroom will be a must.

Her washing out of the way, Margaret cleaned the bright living room. It was pleasant and comfortable, but she couldn't help thinking that wall-to-wall carpeting would be much easier to clean than the rug surrounded by polished floor, and she had always wanted a fireplace.

I've really got off to a bad start. I suppose we should stop our silly game, she thought ruefully. Both of us are beginning to look at this place with a jaundiced eye. Determinedly she put extravagant thoughts out of her mind for the remainder of the day.

"Come, get ready for dinner," Margaret called to Jamie and Jane, playing in their plastic wading pool. "Daddy will be here any minute now."

But when Jim came he was not alone. "Met Dell as I was leaving the office, and we decided to take a look at our place and see what he thinks he could sell it for. Not that we want to sell it, Dell understands that," he added somewhat sheepishly, "but it's nice to know how much it is worth if we ever did want to sell it."

While dinner became cold, she and Dell and Jim toured the place. Nice yard, good location, Dell agreed, but these old houses were a pain-in-the-neck when it came to selling them, unless, of course you could find someone who preferred that sort of place. Certainly it wouldn't ever increase in value with all the new building going on in town. Dell drove off, while the Davenports fed their hungry little ones and put them to bed, and then ate their belated meal.

"It's a good thing our vacation starts Monday," Jim said, as they prepared for bed. "Window shopping for houses is getting beyond a joke."

Margaret agreed that they were playing with fire, but it had been fun. She had had a long day, and was soon asleep, but Jim lay staring at the moon as it peered at him through the branches of the huge old elm outside the window. If they should ever move, he surely

would miss that old tree. But it would be great to have a rumpus room with a fireplace, and a terrace for summer entertaining, if a fellow could afford to entertain when he had a terrace.

THE phone rang early the next morning. It was Dell. "How about looking at a place or two I have listed, and how would tonight suit you?" he wanted to know. "Won't cost you a cent to look," he urged.

"Want to?" Jim asked Margaret, who was setting the table.

"Want to what?"

"Want to go with Dell to see a couple of new listings he just acquired?"

Margaret's black eyes sparkled. She loved to look at new houses. "What can we lose?" she said.

She was fairly bubbling when they returned home. "I didn't want to rave about the split-level house in front of Dell, but wasn't it wonderful? If I had built it myself I couldn't have been more pleased. Not too big, and yet plenty of room. It's the only split-level I've ever fallen in love with. Only seven steps down to the playroom, only five up to the bath and three bedrooms. Kitchen, living room, dinette, utility room, and bath on the main floor; walled terrace, partly beamed and partly covered for rain or shine; fireplace in both the living room and play room. Did you ever see a play room with an outside entrance before, Jim?"

"I haven't seen a lot of features that house has. I surely like it, too! Built up on that little knoll, overlooking the houses below, it was perfect!"

"Darling, do you think we could consider buying it?"

"'Fraid not, honey," Jim said. "We can hardly keep our heads above water now. Even if we could sell this place right away, which Dell doubts, the price of the split-level is three times what this one cost, and our equity would scarcely cover the down payment. But we'll do some figuring if you want to."

A few nights later Dell called to ask if he might bring a retired couple to see their place. It seemed to be just what his customers wanted.

"Oh, but Dell," Margaret said, in panic, "we really didn't list our place. We don't know yet if we want to sell."

"Well, I don't want to stampede you into anything. Think it over."

The phone rang again. This time it was Bob inviting them over to have charcoal fried hamburgers with him and Phil. "Sorry it isn't steak," Bob said, "but we've forgotten what a sirloin tastes like since we saddled ourselves with this darn house. We didn't know when we were well off. If you want to learn thirty ways to cook hamburger, just buy yourself one of these new homes and you'll . . . ."

"Whoa! Whoa!" interrupted Jim, "that's just what we have been thinking we might do."

"Well, don't—take it from me. How soon can you come over?"

"Can't make it tonight, Bob. We have to get ready for our vacation in the morning."

"Vacation! What's that? It's been so long since we had one that I didn't know they existed any more." Bob sounded bitter.

Jim's face was sober as he hung up the phone.

Eleven o'clock came before Jim and Margaret finished loading the car. "Surely wish we had a new station wagon," Jim said, "even if we are leaving the twins with mother, this car is bulging."

"I know, but it's cold in the pines, and heavy clothes are a must. And we have to take our camp outfit. We may not be able to find a cabin. We should have made reservations."

NO Vacancy read the sign on the office at the lodge where they had planned to stay.

"Wouldn't you know it?" Margaret was tired after their long drive, and the thought of camping out had lost its charm.

"I'll ask if there might be a cancellation later." Jim's long legs were slightly cramped as he pulled them out from under the wheel.

"Looks like we're in luck, after all." He emerged from the office, jangling a bunch of keys. "No cabin, but an old couple just listed a private home for rent. No electric lights, but there's a gas lantern. No water in the house, but there's a pump in the yard."

"No shower?"

"Nope. Tub in the shed."

Margaret groaned. "Oh, well, I bathed in one when I was a kid."

"All babies do," said Jim.

"Not as a baby. Teenager. You forget I never learned city ways until I went to college."

Jim laughed. This vacation was going to be fun!

"Oh! How adorable!" Margaret exclaimed as she caught sight of the little cabin set in the midst of an area of more pretentious summer cottages. All were constructed of peeled and varnished logs, but their cabin looked like a terrier among mastiffs.

Wee Pine Knot, she read the name, which had been cut out of wood in block letters and glued to a green board. "And doesn't it look like one, nestling there among those tall lodge pines? I know I'm going to love it."

The stoop was covered with a piece of carpet, to keep the deep black loam from tracking into the cabin, and as the door swung open Margaret tried to see everything at once. The walls were rough-hewn, the small windows were curtained, the floor was covered with a print linoleum. A couch, spread with a patchwork quilt, stood at the side of the room. A wood-burning heater occupied one corner, and a round table and several chairs were in another, while behind the door was a steel cot which could be made into a double bed.

"Cabin sleeps eight," the man said. "Take your choice of the accommodations, lady." He seized her and whirled her around the room. "But where . . .?" Then Jim caught sight of the ladder leaning against the wall, and the loft made of logs overhead. Eager to explore, they scurried up the ladder and found two more double cots. A tanned deer-hide rug lay on the floor.

The kitchen contained a range, a bench for the water bucket, and a basin, an old-fashioned kitchen cabinet, a homemade pine table, more chairs, and an old-fashioned ice box. Everything shone from much polishing.

"Look at the old chopping knife for making salad." Margaret touched the sharp edges with her

finger. "I haven't seen one of those since grandma discarded hers when we bought a food chopper for her."

"Let's unpack." Jim caught her hand and pulled her along. "If you know anything about gasoline lanterns, you know we'd better get settled before dark."

FISHING, hiking, bird-watching, boating, the ten days passed on fleeting wings. Once they went dining and dancing at the resort hotel nearby, and one afternoon when it rained they stayed in the cabin and read Shakespeare from one of the books on the well-stocked shelf.

"Only four days more," Jim said. "If you'll give me a list, I'll drive down to the store and get a few things to last us until we leave."

He had just driven out of the yard when Margaret was astonished to see a little old woman coming down the path to the door. They hadn't had a single caller during their entire stay.

The visitor smiled as Margaret opened the screen to admit her. "I hope I'm not intruding. My name is Sarah Wakley. I came to get my old friends, here." She waved her hand at the books on the shelf. "My daughter told me I had better not leave them in a rented cabin; some lazy tenants might make a fire with them some cold night. However, I see that they have been in good hands."

"Thank you," Margaret said, simply. "We have enjoyed living in your lovely summer home."

"Oh, this isn't our *summer* home. We live here the year around. It's the only home my husband and I have."

"You live here in the *winter*?" marveled Margaret. "Isn't it cold?"

"Yes, indeed, twenty below zero, and sometimes the snow piles up to the window ledges. However, the road is always plowed out; we have a post office here, and the highway goes through to Wyoming. It isn't a palace, but we are content. That's why we call it 'Wee Pine Knot.' "

"How stupid of me!" Margaret exclaimed. " 'Wee Pine Knot' also means 'We Pine Not.' What a delightful pun!"

Mrs. Wakley chuckled. "They say a pun is the lowest form of humor, but they also say that Shakespeare was the soul of wit, and he was a punster."

"We feel very lucky to have had the privilege of renting your home, Mrs. Wakley."

"You are the first to occupy it. We haven't rented it before, but my husband had to have an operation for cataracts on his eyes. He's in the hospital now. He built the cabin or we couldn't have had it, but he hasn't been able to work for a year or so. Fortunately, we had money sufficient for our needs until this operation came up."

"MONEY sufficient for our needs" — that phrase seemed to ring a bell in Margaret's memory, but she couldn't for the life of her remember where she had heard it before.

"We will be going home in a few days now," Margaret said. "I hate to leave this delightful place."

"Where is home?"

"We live at 152 Jackson Street in Fall River."

Mrs. Wakley gave a startled gasp. "That was our old home," she said.

"We lost it during the depression. We had a home that would have done for us very well, but we wanted something better. We would have made it, too, if all the breaks had come our way. We learned that most people can't expect all the breaks, and should never spread themselves too thin. We also learned to want what we have, even if we did have to learn the hard way."

"I'm terribly sorry," Margaret said. "I feel like an interloper."

"Not at all. The house has been sold several times since we had to give it up. We knew better, really. Our Church had cautioned all its people to get out of debt and stay out, but we wouldn't listen. People must learn for themselves, it seems."

"Yes, so it seems," Margaret agreed.

Jim returned from the store and met their charming guest. He urged her to permit them to take the books to town for her, since she had come on the bus and it would be hard for her to get them home. "That way, we won't lose track of you," he said, with his friendly smile.

FOUR days later, they pulled into the driveway of their own home. "Surely good to be here," Jim said, as he unlocked the door, walked to the refrigerator, and took out a bottle of pop. "Will there be time for me to get a bath, with honest-to-goodness hot water out of a tap before we pick up the kids?"

"Go ahead. I want one, too. Surely is good to be home, is right."

As Margaret started to the basement to get some meat and vegetables for dinner out of the deep-freeze, the telephone rang sharply. Jim answered, and Margaret paused to hear who could be calling them the minute they arrived.

"This is Dell. I wondered if you were home. How was the trip?"

"Wonderful," Jim said, and waited.

"Say, how about bringing that couple over to see your place? They're still interested in it."

"Okay," said Jim "in a year or two. This place never looked so good to me in all my life."

Margaret smiled as she went on to the basement, for she guessed who was calling.

Jim unloaded the car while she started supper. Then they were ready to go for the twins. Surely would be good to see them, they agreed, as they reached the door. Then Jim shut it again, drew her into his arms and said, "How about making this our 'Wee Pine Knot' home until we can be pretty sure of being able to pay for a better one and still go on vacations?"

Margaret's kiss was answer enough.

* * * * *

Edna H. Day, Idaho Falls, Idaho, tells us that "Wee Pine Knot" is her first published short story. "I am a member of the Idaho Writers League and have won prizes for articles and verse in the State contests, and have had about a dozen poems published. Belonging to a writers' group has helped me in my literary efforts, and my extension course in creative writing from Brigham Young University has stimulated my interest. Also very helpful is the encouragement which my family gives me. My husband is William F. Day, and we have four children and seven grandchildren. Two of our children have served in the Uruguayan Mission. My husband and I are converts to this wonderful Church and we have both held many positions in it. Currently, I am the literature class leader in the Idaho Falls Third Ward Relief Society."

Ward Linton

HIBISCUS, WHITE, WITH ROSE-RED CENTERS

Another Spring

Dorothy J. Roberts

As leaves of autumn nurture another spring,
So may tears that fall upon our darkened days.
As now there is moss, a green and tender ring
Circling the flowing well; the fragrant ways
Of the south-born wind and a swelling bud
On every leaf-node, filled with promising;
As now gray is gone, the white and blue restored
To the ceiling of the land; the line of snow
Retreating up the mountain slopes; the stored
Tubers sending up their final strength in slow
Inquiring shoots, so may the still-believing heart
Stirred within, become, of spring, a part.

The Tahitian Mission

Preston R. Nibley
Assistant Church Historian

THE Tahitian Mission has a romantic and interesting history. It is one of the oldest missions in the Church, having been founded in the days of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

In 1843, at Nauvoo, the Prophet called four men, Noah Rogers, Addison Pratt, Benjamin F. Grouard, and Knowlton F. Hanks, to open a mission for the Church in the Sandwich (Hawaiian) Islands. Elder Pratt was somewhat acquainted with the Islands and had learned a little of the native language when he had visited there in 1822, in the days when he was a sailor aboard a whaling vessel.

The four elders left Nauvoo on June 1, 1843 and traveled eastward to the Atlantic Coast. At New Bedford, Massachusetts, on October 9, 1843, they boarded a sailing vessel bound for the South Pacific. While still on the Atlantic Ocean, about a month after leaving New Bedford, Elder Hanks died and was buried at sea. The three remaining elders continued their journey and, in May 1844, landed on the Island of Tubuai of the

Photograph submitted by Dorothy P. Christensen

ISLAND GROUP NEAR SEASIDE LAGOON

Studio Mackenzie. Photograph submitted by Larson Caldwell.

COASTAL VILLAGE, TAHITI

Society group. Elder Pratt was overjoyed to learn that the natives partly understood the Hawaiian language.

Converts were made and, in July 1844, Elder Pratt organized on Tubuai, the first branch of the Church in the South Pacific. In the meantime, Elders Grouard and Rogers had begun the work of proselyting on the island of Tahiti, where they met with success and organized a branch of the Church. Subsequently, Elders Pratt and Grouard labored on the Tuamotu group of islands, where they baptized more than 2,000 converts.

Other elders came to assist the first missionaries, and the work continued to grow until 1853, when all the American missionaries were banished from the Society Islands by the local French government. It was not until 1892 that the field was opened again, with the arrival of two elders from Utah, Joseph W. Dameron and William A. Seegmiller. The work of proselyting has continued since that time.

At the end of November 1957 there were 2,274 members of the Church in the Tahitian Mission, located in eighteen branches. Ellis V. Christensen is the mission president.

Ten Relief Society organizations, with 189 members, were reported in December 1956. Dorothy P. Christensen presides over the Tahitian Mission Relief Society.

Note: The cover for this *Magazine*, "Ocean Vista, Tahiti," was submitted by Elder Larson Caldwell, former acting president of the Tahitian Mission. See also "Recipes From the Tahitian Mission," by Dorothy P. Christensen, page 181.

Inherit the Earth

Ilene H. Kingsbury

THEY said the land was free, there in Southern Utah, 160 acres of it, no charge — but she paid for it on foot for 3600 miles, taken in two-mile stretches, one at sunset, one at dawn — six months a year for five years. She paid for it by sleeping there 900 nights, alone.

She built on its eastern edge, near the lane, a one-roomed log house, mud-chinked, one-windowed, one-doored. She did not furnish this shelter with fireplace, table, or chairs. No need for such crumbs of comfort — this roadstead was but for sleeping. One narrow bunk of cedar posts, with rope-woven springs, patched quilts over straw tick; these were her sole concessions to soothe a worn body. While the valley lay becalmed in darkness, she dozed full length and gathered strength for tomorrow's labor.

And because this was a summer shelter, she had not considered it concern enough to trade alfalfa or cheese for window glass. Instead, a thin, white cloth dipped in hot tallow and tacked directly to the logs let in the light and kept out the wind. The door originally covered a granary opening, but she recruited it for five years, just time enough to accomplish her purpose. In winter, pine slabs were nailed over the small apertures in the walls and the sad little hut was left to buffetings of rain, hail, and sleet. In spring, with the earliest possible chance of wading through mud to its door, these boards were removed from the cabin and shunted under the bunk, there to await the planned purpose when the next six months had rolled by.

The door faced east, in the approved Navajo fashion, though quite by coincidence; for she was a Welsh gentlewoman. But easterly, she could look up a canyon slashed from iron red hills. Or, at least, follow the course of its inconsequential stream to the first turn. That eastern door was her only yielding to leisure in the whole determined project. Women and children were forbidden to set foot in that canyon. Only armed men, stalking beside logging wagons, ever entered its portals. Indians, in retreat from emigrant trains, claimed its water, its wood, its protecting precipices. But, she thought, if the cabin door faces that way I can at least dream of going up.

In flood season the turbulent, treacherous waters of Little Creek belittled man's strength to subdue it. Then it was that the wash became more deeply cut and the boulders moved majestically a few more feet down canyon. Little Salt Lake on the western edge of the valley gratefully received the roily moisture; if there was too much, some leaked over its shallow banks. It glistened as the sun hid behind the Gap and left for the great desert beyond.

In stark contrast, at other seasons, came the falling of the water, even lower in the wash, now singing in the carrot-colored sand long before

reaching the little lake. White children, as they viewed the wash, soon followed the timeless example of the Navajo and Ute children, who never, never even walked through the cool, shady, deep, and sandy bottoms of the wash. It was a fearsome sight, in flash flood, that wall of liquid adobe, solid in its advancing perpendicular front, held in position as by a transparent veil. The ejected water on its descent was the remembered warning to shun the depths of the wash even without a cloud in the sky!

THIS, then, was the setting for a solitary vigil whose benefits reached through seventy seasons of harvest: the paint-brush colored hills, the wash to the north, the door to the east, patched quilt on the bunk — these made tolerable a peculiar phase of living prescribed by law.

There were other courses to follow, but this woman simply could not bring herself to accept the ideas. For instance, four claimants occasionally built a cabin and dug a ditch for water and cultivated the soil. Their cabin was placed so each corner rested on a corner of a quarter section of land. At great intervals an entry man slept in the communal cabin. The homesteads were really homelands, they said, and the owners who lived in the nearby communities had a right to do as they pleased.

Other arrangements were often agreed upon. One man filed on a claim for several neighbors, proved up on it, then for a fee, gave the others their shares.

Two difficulties stood in the way of this widowed homesteader from participating in either plan. First, she did not consider these courses quite right. If the law said you file on it, it didn't mean mass filing, and if a cabin was occupied, it should be consistently inhabited. For her climate, the spring and summer half of the year were less difficult. Second, just where could she possibly get ten dollars a year for five years to pay another claimant for seeing to details of which she was quite capable? The ten dollars to pay the government agent for recording her homestead was a major financial burden as it was. In any case, her little boys would help her make the improvements. During the first three years the soil must be cleared of sage, must be under cultivation with some variety of crops, and a pole and post fence four and a half feet high built to protect those crops from loose animals.

Her course, then, was to have her own cabin, sleep in it by herself, and manage somehow to raise the money for the filing fee. Independence and perseverance seldom have a parallel.

Of the improvements, said the law, a fence came first. Have you seen a giant sage whose trunk and roots seemed first cousin to the cedar? One finds it in the Southwest. An area of maturing is reached where the size of one has diminished to meet the stubborn growth of the other. And when they unite to become a fence, a most remarkable resemblance occurs. The horizontal cedar logs interlocked with their fellows down the line, and held securely at their joining by posts set deep in the earth, these make a homesteader's

fence. They are fortified in their marking of boundaries by the ever-encroaching sage. What pioneer boy has not spent his strength to help clear the land of sage and wondered at its determined grasp of the earth with powerful hold. Then, as the seasons brought him wisdom, he saw new sage advance on his land, stop its march at his pole fence and, in the protective cover, stay its course and remain to defend the fields. From that point on, the living sage was one with hewn posts and poles. They became mutually supporting to protect the tilled and seeded soil. The rail-sage fence became part of the pioneer picture; quite in harmony as a landmark for generations.

And if the soil had an Indian paint-brush tint, as for the widowed homesteader, the artistry of mother nature splashed her pale pinks higher and higher through the growing branches of the sage and the peeling bark of the posts. A tinge of Navajo sandstone blended the whole into the valley's vermilion. In that water-color study of sage, cedar, and adobe tints, the details became so stained by this dye that a pink hue marked the color of the colony; a study in blended canyon coral. (Obviously, the name of the settlement should have been Red Creek, in American — which it was . . . or Paragonah, in Indian — which it was.)

THIS fence, then, was the improvement the first year. As for living on the acres to fulfill the law, she had early considered bringing one of her half-dozen children each night to share the hours. But the unrest brought by deciding which one, allotting the duties at home, and the general reluctance of little ones to walk two miles, altogether proved not worth the arrangement.

That first early spring, she had driven a cart out to the hut, but both horse and cart needed more attention than she had strength to spend. The wheels, the shoes, the road, the roving animal—elusive to catch and perversive to harness—these details she could not tolerate in this dusk-to-dawn schedule.

Solitary, the schedule became; neither chick nor child, cart nor horse. She had depended on shank's ponies before — a thousand miles that trek had been — and she could summon them for this part of her plan.

Thus, on foot, a wilderness wanderer, kithless for hours, she got the quarter section free!

Two things bothered this homesteader — a coral breast pin, and little Sam. One could not say her course was changed by either, but they were a constant concern nevertheless. We'll start with Sammie, her youngest, aged five. He was sickly, or rather on the frail side, and this leaving him every night for six months was perhaps her biggest sacrifice for free land.

The older children were patient and loving to him, and did all she asked of them. The thirteen-year-old girl taught herself to sleep so lightly that she could arise and cover little Sammie, always a restless sleeper. Half awake, shivering in summer's midnight cool, she would hasten to tuck his quilt about him lest both of them become too wide awake to snuggle back to sleep. Early in the game, to save getting

up, she placed his trundle bed next to her big bed. A portion of the small bed she pushed under the side of her own. Or rather, the trundle was only two-thirds pulled out into the room. In this manner, by lying on her stomach and dropping her outside arm over the edge of her mattress, she could grasp Sam's quilt, pat his head, and both would be content.

The homesteader knew of this arrangement on her daughter's part. It was so cozy and comforting to both children that they continued the plan on into the second six months when the mother was at home all night to take the watch care.

BUT this was not the worst worry about little Sam. The unrest came when he keenly yearned for his mother and cried after her as she left for the log house each sundown. He would stand in the doorway and call and cry and plead and stretch out his arms and wipe his tears with his sleeve. His mother would come back again and again to comfort him, more firmly each trip, more inwardly impatient to start out before dusk set itself too deeply. How torn in resolution she was to give up this promise of free earth and stay with little Sam forever.

Often he stealthily followed her, hiding first behind the porch posts, lurking near the lilac bushes, and finally, gaining the gate. While her back was turned he would climb over the gate and crouch behind some bushes at the lot's corner. Some evenings he contrived to get as far as the giant sage which lined the hollow next north, and, occasionally, sprinted over the bridge and made it to the cottonwoods lining the ditch bank. If he was not caught at these last hazards, he sneaked to the pole fence which guarded the nearest fields and, by climbing under, would shadow his mother as she thoughtfully trod the road.

But few were the times he got this far undetected. Sammie well believed his mother had eyes in the back of her head, so sharply did she discern him trailing her. Upon discovering him, she would vary her words in despair, impatience, weary resignation, or by loving encirclement of arms. After a few trials of letting him go all the way, she knew no exceptions could be made. No Sammie, no Jane, no Hebe; just by herself, solitarily plodding.

But persistently little Sammie would follow, sometimes quietly, more often calling, "Mother, take me with you!" Then hand in hand they would turn back home. She would tuck him in bed, prayerfully. She would turn down the lane, resolutely. "Mother, Mother, take me with you," his voice would come back again and again.

But the mother had turned into the house. Unforgotten was this call across half the world. But such remembrance neither slowed her step nor turned her back from a resolution to smooth the way for little Sam. Rather, it became as a spur.

Perhaps just once, when two thousand miles had been paced to the bunk in the lucern field, she faltered. It was the day Hebe took the wagon for a cord of wood up Little Creek. The top logs rolled

off the load and pinned him to a boulder, and then the team trotted on down the canyon and finally came home without the lad. That was the crisis in a series of mishaps. The horses, patient at the bars, gave no clue as to the destiny of the youthful logger.

The homesteader threw a shawl over her head, cinched a light saddle around the belly of Pockets, and whipped her up the slopes to the hills, on over Billy's Hill, and was prepared to race clear to Panguitch. This flight, a flash flood in reverse, has had few equals. By the time the mother pried the logs off her boy, the mounted posse from town swept up the draw, and wondered at a mother in the strength of extremity!

The hopeful flock said to themselves, this is the night Mother will stay home! But how they misjudged their woman! In fact, her step seemed more elastic than for months. Sam's cries were silenced by a serene light in her eyes. She whispered to him, "I never thought I'd ever get up Little Creek! And I wasn't even afraid!"

AND what is the coral breast pin doing in the homestead vigil? As we said in the beginning, there were two things that worried her from her thirty-fifth to fortieth year. Sammie was one, and a piece of royal jewelry was the other.

The point was, the pin no longer was anyone's property, and that was what harassed her. It was lost. It was lost down the lane to the log house. This novelty was the only keepsake she ever owned that was not "hard come by." It was not even a gift — but had fallen like a bird from heaven at her feet.

It had happened at the only parade she had ever watched. At fourteen, in Wales, she once journeyed from Merthyr to Cardiff to see the Prince of Wales go by! That is, they felt duty bound to see him; but it was his astonishing mother, Victoria, who had commanded their attention. The coal cart which carried them down the banks of the river to the sea was quite properly left at the edge of the town, and they had formed a sort of parade of their own Merthyr folks as they entered the stream of converging masses. All to see what a prince and a queen looked like! Viewed on memory's screen, the music was too loud, the throng too large, and the parade too short. Only the soft Welsh songs of her townspeople as they drove home had remained to give peace to her excited heart. For beneath her chin, reposing in the shadows of two pink satin bows, was a coral pin which had dropped to her feet from a carriage in the Queen's parade.

She had snatched it quickly, thinking at first it was meant for her; then fearing it was not, all in an instant, she clutched it more tightly. She had waved it on high, ran along shouting for a carriage to stop; but, somehow, one had only soldiers in it, sitting rigidly, eyes unswerving. Some lady for the queen surely would want it. She backed up to where her father was already concerned for her whereabouts. Conscientious to the core, they left name and town at the Government House; but inquiries never came. Finally, her father said, "Wear it, it is yours."

She did wear it, pink bows and all, until they frayed to thin streamers of silken webs and were left on a large sagebrush as she crossed the Rocky Mountains of North America. The coral, resting in its gold setting of two carved hands clasping to hold it aloft, was the color of her smiling lips.

A dozen years of pleasure had gleamed from its polished surfaces—brides had proudly worn it — a sick child had pinned it on her flannel gown to help her get well — scores of Sunday afternoons had been more genteel for its glistening on linsey-woolsey — then a youth came courting a younger sister. She begged for it, just this once, to look nice on a walk in the moonlight down the lane. It was not on that dress when the walk was over — down the lane.

The valiant homesteader, sometimes by moon's gleam, peered at her feet, sort of looking for that coral pin.

But only a phantom parade rushed by, only a vague tint of crimson could be observed in the dust . . . for sometimes Navajo sandstone chipped by flash floods in Little Creek Wash would make one halt and remember coral, and gold, and pink satin bows.

THE law coldly, clearly, said: ". . . person who is of the age of twenty-one years, or who is the head of a family . . . and has declared his intention to become a citizen of the U. S. to enter on and take possession of 160 acres of any of the public lands not otherwise appropriated, and by cultivating the same for the term of five years, and paying ten dollars, will, upon compliance with these conditions, be entitled to a patent for the same." Finally, the law was satisfied: nearly four thousand miles, nine hundred nights . . . and the one hundred sixty acres were hers. Yes, it said so quite legally over the signature of the Governor of the Territory.

That spot of earth sustained her children through childhood, youth, love. When her youngest, that little Sam, needed cash for an education to go out and make something of himself, she sold a parcel of the beloved land to aid him. He was the fourth son to leave the hearth for greater paths; each sustained by her homestead acquired without cost — or so said the land agent.

One spring, from afar came a small package — Sam's name in the upper corner. In it was a coral breast pin, made to order from a childhood memory — carved hands of gold — pink satin bows — all as in a Welsh parade for the Queen.

A single line was penned: "Mother, take me with you!"

Clothesline in Spring

Helen H. Winn

The summering of days is mood returning
To know the wind, to open wide the doors . . .
To string bright clothes in a necklace on the morning,
To gather them in a diadem of stars.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, March 1, and March 15, 1898

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

A NEW GRANARY AND HALL: A substantial and commodious granary has recently been erected by the Beaver Relief Society, which will enable them to continue the good work of gathering and storing grain for many years to come without being cramped for storage room. The building is of a beautiful magnesium rock and is about fifty feet long by twenty feet wide and a sixteen foot ceiling, and is divided into two rooms. . . . last year the wheat was transferred from the old building, the grist mill and other places where the Society had been under the necessity of storing it, to the new granary, approximately one thousand bushels. . . .

—Mary F. White, Sec.

QUEEN MARGHERITA: Queen Margherita of Italy has made herself responsible for the execution of a plan to build an observatory on the summit of Monte Rosa, at a height of 4,560 meters. The work on it has already been begun. The queen, who is an enthusiastic mountaineer, is in the habit of spending several weeks each year at the summit of Monte Rosa. The observatory will be higher than that on Mount Blanc, and the highest in Europe.

—News Note

THE YOUNGER GENERATION: We must all recognize the importance of the adhesion to any work of those whose powers are fresh and unworn, and whose share of life will probably stretch through the coming years long after the grass grows green over the graves where the holders of the place and power of today will be silent and impotent for further service. There is a charm in the springtime of life that we all feel and own. Especially is this true of public work. Tenderly do we regard the young people who seem ready to lend their growing strength to the causes and efforts that we have carried on for long years — to catch up the banner that we feel must drop from our wearied grasp, and who do not fear to at once take their course, though it be up the Hill Difficulty. . . .

—Editorial

THE SOUVENIRS

Oftimes have we been welcomed
Into your pleasant home,
Where rays of lovely sunshine
Upon our hearts would come.
You've been kind unto the orphan,
You've clothed and fed the poor,
And for your acts of kindness
God bless you evermore.

—Nancy Allred

AN INTERESTING PARTY: At the elegant residence of Mrs. Priscilla Jennings on Thursday February 10, there was a delightful gathering of old friends and acquaintances. . . . The presence of Presidents Woodruff, George Q. Cannon and Lorenzo Snow gave an inspiration to the party and added greatly to the spiritual enjoyment. . . . President Woodruff spoke a few minutes. . . . His words were full of intense feeling and were as a warning voice to all Israel to take heed to counsel and cherish the gospel as revealed in the latter days. . . .

—News Note

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

WOMEN control well over sixty per cent of the personal expenditures of money in the United States. There are 4,455,000 women stockholders in our country. They considerably outnumber men as shareholders in many large corporations—the United States Steel for one. Their holdings are valued at one hundred billion dollars. They have another fifty-five billion in savings accounts and thirty-three billion in Government bonds.

MRS. ALMA GOLDSTEIN, a microbiologist with Abbot Laboratories, is credited with the discovery of a new antibiotic, ristocetin, which has proved almost one hundred per cent effective in treating bacterial endocarditis, an infectious inflammation of the heart which almost invariably used to kill its victims. Mrs. Goldstein isolated the drug from a sample of soil which came from the Garden of the Gods in Colorado.

MISS MARGARET SPANTON, twenty-eight-year-old woman, does a thriving business selling on commission used industrial equipment—150-ton cranes for instance. Finding the desired product may require two or three months' searching in various parts of the country.

MRS. GUY PERCY TRULOCK, a nationally prominent civic leader, formerly president of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs, vice-president of the Women's Press Club, and an officer and director of many civic and community organizations, holds the important office of Comics Code Administrator. She has power to exercise independent judgment, and with a staff of reviewers, she studies and passes upon all reading and pictorial matter, including advertisements, intended for publication in all the comic magazines published by the Comics Magazine Association of America. The Code completely bans all "horror" and "terror" comics and all materials which may be in any manner immoral, objectionable, or in poor taste. Ninety per cent of the publishers of "Comic" magazines are members of the Association.

GUILIETTA SIMIONATO, Italian mezzo singer, made her New York debut in the Town Hall in October 1957 in *Anna Bolena* by Donizetti. Her performance was praised by music critics, and Miss Simionato was described as "the best all-around mezzo now active in opera . . . possessing both the bright upper range of the soprano and the darker lower register of the mezzo."

EDITORIAL

VOL. 45 March 1958 NO. 3

"Feed My Sheep"

WHEN Jesus showed himself to his disciples at the Sea of Tiberias, following his resurrection, the disciples had been fishing through the night. They had caught nothing, but when the morning came Jesus, who stood on the shore, told them to cast in the net on the right side of the ship. They cast, therefore, and drew the net to land full of fishes. Then Jesus commanded them to bring the fishes they had caught and dine with him.

> . . . when they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my lambs.
>
> He saith to him again the second time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? He saith unto him, Yea Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my sheep (John 21:15-16).

Even the second time the Savior said to Simon Peter, "Feed my sheep."

This admonition of the Savior to Peter might well be applied to visiting teachers whose calling it is to go forth among the sisters of the Church in their homes and minister to their spiritual and temporal needs. Visiting teaching typifies the concern of Relief Society for the well-being of our Father's children. It is a means whereby we may, in very deed, feed his sheep, not alone those who seek us but those whom we must seek.

Visiting teaching was born over one hundred fourteen years ago of dire need on the part of the saints living in Nauvoo. People were joining the Church one of a family and two of a city and coming to Nauvoo. Many were lonely and homesick in their new and strange surroundings. The winter was a hard one; there was sickness and poverty among the people. The saints had to keep close together and rely upon one another for spiritual and temporal aid, those who had, giving to those who had not. Visiting teaching was Relief Society's answer to the needs of the people in that trying pioneer day.

Today, the circumstances under which Latter-day Saints live have greatly changed; however, the need for visiting teaching has in no way diminished. Human nature has not changed, nor have human needs. So confused and disturbed is the world today, and so insecure and frustrated are many people, that one almost wonders if the need for the service of visiting teachers is not greater, perhaps, than at any time heretofore. There are among us those who have drifted away or grown indifferent to the teachings and ideals of the Church. There are those who are discouraged and whose faith is weak. There are those who are longing for a friendly hand and an understanding heart. There are those who are in need of

a guiding word of truth. There are those who are in sorrow; and, although we are living in a day of abundance, there are still those who need to be fed and clothed. Homes today are in jeopardy. Insidious, destructive influences are abroad. Yet this is a day when homes need to be stronger than ever before to give youth the kind of training and faith that will help them to appreciate the purposefulness of life and equip them to meet it with courage and wisdom.

It would seem that the times call for a rededication on the part of visiting teachers to the important assignment which is theirs. It is a time when they could well afford to labor with renewed zeal to make the lives of those whom they visit richer, more fruitful and sweet, and to fortify the homes against undesirable and destructive influences.

The importance of the work of the visiting teachers today calls upon them to look to themselves, that they may grow in spiritual strength and perception so as to sense needs and have the inspiration to meet them. If there is a kind word that should be spoken, may they speak it. If there is a soul that needs encouragement, may they give it. If there is a temporal need that cannot be met alone, may it be revealed to them. If there is need for a testimony to be borne, may they bear it.

May they bear in mind always that the woman on whom they are calling is, in very deed, their sister and a daughter of our Heavenly Father. Therefore, any need, great or small, physical or spiritual, immediate or future, which she may have, is their concern and should enlist their willing helpfulness.

Visiting teaching strikes at the very heart of sisterhood. It is an answer of Relief Society to the commandment of our Heavenly Father, "feed my sheep."

—B. S. S.

A Pink Shawl

Mabel Jones Gabbott

Knit for me a shawl of pink,
Pale threads and deeper in loop and link,
To wear when I am sad.

Catch in one stitch a primrose blush,
And somewhere the tone of the rose-throated thrush;
Oh, let the center mirror the dawn
When the day is new and night just gone,
And lost the dreams we had.

Edge it with white-pink of apple bloom,
And touch of peach blossom if there is room,
Blend the fringe from the budding rose
To the dusky glow that a sunset knows;
And I shall walk by the water's brink
Warmed by your love and my shawl of pink,
And evermore be glad.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Organizations and Reorganizations of Stake and Mission Relief Societies for 1957

ORGANIZATIONS

Stakes	Formerly Part of	Appointed President	Date Appointed
Albuquerque	Western States Mission	Electa P. Hilton	October 27, 1957
Atlanta	Southern States Mission	Virgie Mae Shuman	May 5, 1957
Great Falls	West Central States Mission	Mary Hansen	May 16, 1957
Midvale	East Jordan Stake	Celeste Millerberg	June 30, 1957
Missoula	West Central States Mission	Lillie Cowley	May 16, 1957
Monument Park West	Monument Park Stake	Emma S. Longson	October 8, 1957
Murray South	Murray Stake	Grace Utley	May 22, 1957
North Seattle	Seattle Stake	Luella Bean	June 1, 1957
San Luis Obispo	Santa Barbara Stake	Janet Maughan	September 22, 1957
San Mateo	Palo Alto Stake	Beryl Warner	September 25, 1957
Santa Ana	Orange County Stake	Mariom A. Woodhouse	December 8, 1957
Virginia	Central Atlantic States Mission	Lucille Blackmon	June 30, 1957
West Orem	Orem Stake	Ella Lee	November 17, 1957

STAKE DISORGANIZED

Stake	Released President	Date Released
Moon Lake	Anona O. Miles	November 10, 1957

REORGANIZATIONS

Stakes	Released President	Appointed President	Date Appointed
Bear River	Cora L. Nielson	Vida E. Manning	April 28, 1957
Benson	Mabel H. Pond	Norma C. Bodily	June 30, 1957
Big Horn	Helena D. Belnap	Pauline Stevens	February 10, 1957
Blaine	Donna Lou Thorne	Louise Price	November 15, 1957
Cedar	Claire Jones	Alberta D. Morris	May 12, 1957
Chicago	Elizabeth Kaiser	Margaret Weaver	July 8, 1957
Covina	Lucille C. Hales	Lyle H. Facer	November 10, 1957
Davis	Edna R. France	Nora C. Duncan	June 23, 1957
Duchesne	Faye E. Merkley	Anona O. Miles	November 10, 1957
East Jordan	Celeste D. Millerberg	Norma Winn	June 30, 1957
East Ogden	Belva J. Peterson	Mary Stirk	March 31, 1957
East Sharon	Jane B. Larsen	Elizabeth C. Hayward	April 27, 1957
Fresno	Blanche O. C. Phillips	Martha B. Richards	November 2, 1957
Garfield	Gwen H. Lyman	Nelda Willis	September 15, 1957

Stakes	*Released President*	*Appointed President*	*Date Appointed*
Granite	Elsie North	Estenna F. Wilson	September 1, 1957
Grantsville	Annie J. Williams	Annie S. Droubay	March 28, 1957
Highland	Hazel B. Tingey	Marjorie Eldredge	May 19, 1957
Humboldt	Aliene N. Bloxham	Margaret E. Dahl	June 9, 1957
Idaho Falls	Nannah C. Stokes	Leone T. Homer	June 2, 1957
Juab	Martha C. Eagar	Mary G. Jensen	November 3, 1957
Juarez	Nilus S. Memmott	Fannie B. Hatch	November 24, 1957
Las Vegas	Myrtle George	Bess Mendenhall	August 18, 1957
Millard	Faymetta Prows	Blanche George	March 31, 1957
Montpelier	Virginia R. Vaterlaus	June R. Shepherd	April 21, 1957
Mount Jordan	Minnie R. Ballard	LaVerda O. Lloyd	January 20, 1957
Nebo	Mary W. Kotter	Mable Christensen	August 18, 1957
North Pocatello	Bertha Pieper	Ruth Hirschi	June 5, 1957
North Sacramento	Edna M. Hill	Lois S. Fife	January 10, 1957
North Sanpete	Pearle Winkler	Louise B. Johansen	September 1, 1957
North Weber	Amanda B. Hancock	Gladys P. Wayment	September 28, 1957
Nyssa	Lynile Buhler	Marian Mathewson	December 8, 1957
Orange County	Mariom A. Woodhouse	Alline Hatch	November 24, 1957
Orem	Winnie T. Graff	Ida S. Cowley	November 17, 1957
Panguitch	Alta Wiltshire	Eva N. Dalton	June 23, 1957
Reno	Veda F. Moss	Ada Sneddon	March 9, 1957
Rexburg	LuSeba W. Peterson	Olive B. Smart	August 18, 1957
Richland	Naomi A. Brimhall	Evelyn Binns	September 15, 1957
San Bernardino	Lena Millett	Iris Brown	November 9, 1957
San Diego	Thora Halgren	Enid Miller	April 14, 1957
San Joaquin	Margaret Marchant	Wanda Stebbins	May 13, 1957
Sharon	Gwen J. Christensen	Edith C. Bennett	May 12, 1957
South Ogden	Erma V. Jacobs	Delora R. Hurst	April 10, 1957
South Summit	Vera Dugdale	Afton H. Marchant	January 14, 1957
Spanish Fork	Fern Brockbank	Helen H. Hawkins	Aug. 25, 1957
Timpanogos	Florence Gillman	Gertrude M. Richards	August 14, 1957
Walnut Creek	Ellen J. Haddock	Elna P. Cook	October 3, 1957
Weber	Pearl Van Dyke	Ione Hurst	July 8, 1957
Weiser	Dorothy Zaugg	Afton Anderson	June 2, 1957

Missions	*Released President*	*Appointed President*	*Date Appointed*
East German (North)	Mary Ethel Gregory	Edythe C. Robbins	June 13, 1957
French	Rachel L. Lee	Alice M. Christensen	October 3, 1957
Gulf States	Phyllis D. Smith	Emma Ashton Hanks	June 6, 1957
North Central States	Dora Rose H. England	Diana F. Child	October 11, 1957
Northern Mexican	Kathleen B. Bentley	Rhoda Clark Taylor	November 14, 1957
Northern States	Nettie P. Smoot	Vera Calder Stratford	April 8, 1957
West Central States	Marteal W. Hendricks	Alberta Ann Simmons	March 8, 1957
West Central States	Alberta Ann Simmons	Anna C. Merrill	July 30, 1957

Index for 1957 Relief Society Magazine Available

COPIES of the 1957 index of *The Relief Society Magazine* are available and may be ordered from the General Board of Relief Society, 76 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 11, Utah. The price is 20¢, including postage.

Relief Society officers and members who wish to have their 1957 issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* bound may do so through The Deseret News Press, 33 Richards Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah. (See advertisement on page 209.) The cost for binding the twelve issues in a permanent cloth binding is $2.50, leather $3.50, including the index. A limited number of the 1957 *Magazines* are available at the offices of the General Board of Relief Society, 76 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 11, Utah, for $2 for twelve issues. It is recommended that wards and stakes have one volume of the 1957 *Magazines* bound for preservation in ward and stake Relief Society libraries.

The Red Cross and Its Field of Service

O. C. Duckett

Pacific Area Headquarters, American Red Cross

A nation's Character shapes its institutions.

For 350 years the belief that individual freedom and well-being are largely dependent upon people helping themselves and one another has been a cherished part of the American credo.

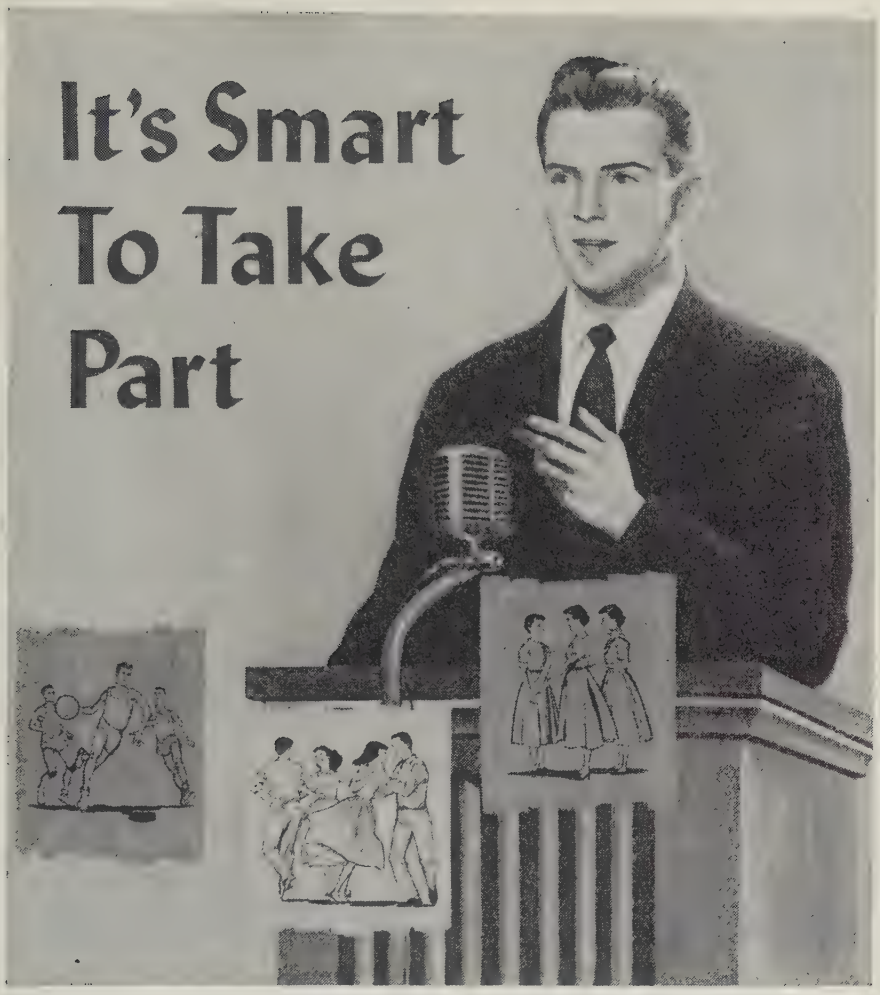
The record of things done under the emblem of the Red Cross during the past year spells continued faith in this American concept. It is a record written in the hearts of the 40,000,000 junior and adult members of the organization and in the hands of the 2,000,000 volunteer workers whose interest and effort made it possible. It also is indelibly imprinted in the minds and hearts of the millions whose needs were met in time of suffering and distress.

The story of the American Red Cross from its very beginning has been based on volunteers who come from every walk of life expressing the great human impulse to help those in need. They provide the mainspring and momentum of every service and activity performed by the Red Cross.

March is traditionally the month during which Red Cross asks the American people to renew their membership in the organization and to enroll among the ranks of the volunteers who carry on its service programs.

In issuing the annual call for Americans to join and serve Red Cross, National Chairman E. Roland Harriman declared:

> Red Cross must keep pace with the tempo of the times. It must grow along with our nation if it is to keep up with increased demands. We have the dynamic will to grow and to serve the American people better, but we also need a dynamic increase in volunteer membership and strength and in financial support.



It's Smart to Take Part

BELONGING to the Church is important. It opens the way for us to work out our salvation, but it's only the first step on the road to happiness on earth and eternal progress in heaven. The rest comes through obedience and performance every day of our lives.

This is one of the reasons the Church offers so many opportunities for daily participation. The degree to which we take part in these spiritual, intellectual, physical, and social exercises will determine the degree to which we are eventually saved.

Let's take some examples:

A boy or a girl takes part regularly in class instruction, and he learns, in the process, priceless truths. And "We are saved no faster than we gain knowledge."

We join the Church-sponsored scout troop, a young people's chorus, a singing quartet, or we "try out" for a part in a dramatic skit. That's experience, progress.

We take our turn to speak on principles of the gospel in our young people's improvement meetings or in Sunday worship services. Again, we're taking part — going ahead.

We participate in Church league basketball, softball, volley ball—and in the process we build the physical body, practice teamwork, and learn the value of putting good sportsmanship into our play and work.

Going to "socials" in the attractive and wholesome atmosphere of our Church recreational halls helps us to develop our social graces and meet and associate with young men and young women of our own kind—the kind we'd like to have for our friends and, eventually, for our mates in marriage.

As we get older we become scout leaders, Sunday School teachers, and many of us go on preaching missions.

All this is "taking part." It is the day-by-day way to happiness and eternal progression. It is part—an important life-long part— in living our religion for our own good and for the greater good of others.

So—young men, young women of the Church—don't be satisfied with just belonging. Start today to take part because it's smart. In other words—

BE HONEST WITH YOURSELF

Announcing the Special April Short Story Issue

The April 1958 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* will be the special short story number, with four outstanding stories being presented. Look for these stories in April:

"To Be a Queen," by Myrtle M. Dean
"The Apricot Tree," by Mabel Harmer
"The Request," by Ruth M. Ostegar
"To Have the Peace," by Betty Ventura

Unlimited

Alice Whitson Norton

I watched with awe the high tides of an ocean
Come beating in against a ragged shore,
And though for miles I viewed them, I was conscious
Beyond the far horizon, there were more.

Likewise, the treasures from my Father's storehouse
I take them in yet never count the score,
Believing, though my days are filled with blessings,
Beyond life's great horizons there are more.

Recipes From the Tahitian Mission

Submitted by Dorothy P. Christensen

Pickled Fish

4 tomatoes
1 cucumber
½ onion
2 hard-boiled eggs
1 lb. fish (tuna, sole)
1 tsp. salt
1 c. lemon or lime juice

Put one-half inch square pieces of fish (raw) in a bowl and cover with a solution of lime or lemon juice and salt. Let stand in solution for twenty minutes. Then pour off the lime or lemon juice and salt solution and rinse in cold water to remove excess salt. Drain and place in salad bowl. Cut up tomatoes, cucumbers, and onion into small "salad-size" pieces and mix with the fish. If desired, coconut milk can be poured over this mixture. Sprinkle grated eggs on top and garnish with lettuce, sliced tomatoes, and parsley. Serve six.

Coconut Milk

Grate the meat of a fresh coconut into a large pan. Put the grated meat in a jelly sack and squeeze until the milk from the coconut is drawn out. Note: Coconut milk is the dressing for most Tahitian dishes.

Banana Poi

6 bananas
¾ c. cornstarch (pia)
¼ c. sugar
1 tsp. vanilla

Mix together very well the mashed bananas and cornstarch. Then add the sugar and vanilla and mix thoroughly.

Put poi mixture in a bowl or pan to fit inside a large pan on top of the stove or better yet, inside a well cooker. Place about two inches of water in the bottom of the large pan, place a rack in the bottom of the pan and set the bowl or pan of poi on top. Cover with waxed paper and steam for thirty minutes. Place poi in serving bowl, make a well in the center, and pour coconut milk over the poi. Serves six.

Spring Show

Pansye H. Powell

Nature's preparing a special treat,
Free for the eyes of all to meet—
Someday soon in the early spring
The tulips' annual opening!

If the Thumb Is Green

C. W. McCullough

MAN'S life history began in a garden. Down through the ages since, people have gardened from necessity for food. It is only in most recent times that gardening has been recognized as a hobby, where a garden is made for sheer pleasure and self-satisfaction. But whether for pleasure or necessity, the instincts of a gardener are in us all.

Not that we always follow our deep inborn tendencies. In the case of gardening, the trend is definitely away from admitting to such a heritage. As populations move away from rural areas toward urban congestions, fewer and fewer answer the intimate call of the soil and the mystic challenge of growing things.

But the instinct for the intimate participation in seedtime and harvest, the love of the soil, still cling to a great host of the knights and ladies of the rake and the hoe. As their number, relative to the overall population, decreases, the fraternity becomes more selective, more skilled, until the ranks are increasingly made up of those who garden primarily for pleasure. And because they love the soil, seed, and the wonders of plant growth so deeply, nature responds in a special way to their care, until the world says to them, "They have a green thumb."

Because of gardening primarily for pleasure, the question of profit or loss seldom is the most important factor in today's planning. The profits the gardeners seek are often in the coin of satisfaction, health, exercise, pride. They glory in having their tables laden with right-from-the-garden, vitamin-rich dishes —and so often the tables of their neighbors, as well. A *successful* gardener is invariably vague as to the actual cost of his prize cabbage or the biggest pumpkin at the fair, just as the true sportsman closes his eyes to the real cost of a basket of trout or a brace of pheasants.

Thus it is that most gardeners today are perfectionists. Whether they raise vegetables or flowers, the plot of ground that they till becomes a veritable work of art.

A good garden is never a haphazard thing. To serve seedtime and harvest properly requires planning. The successful gardener, particularly the novice with limited space, will find it a wise practice to *plant* the garden first on paper. This will help not only to insure economy of seed purchases, but more importantly, will make for an all-season crop balance. Thought can be given to proper row widths and length of rows to be devoted to each variety. Many seed houses print on the packet, not only the recommended depth and distance apart to plant the seeds, but also the number of feet of row the contents of a packet will plant. Wherever seasons are long enough to permit second plantings, early maturing crops can be located where they can be cleared away and the ground prepared for replanting with least disturbance to the slower maturing plants.

Where flowers are to be grown, many striking and pleasing effects can be worked out on paper be-

fore one goes to the nursery to buy seeds and shrubs. Many common mistakes may be avoided, such as planting shade-loving varieties in sunny spots, or the reverse. Incidentally, your nurseryman is a friend to whom you should bring your preseason garden problems. He is in a position to give you helpful advice regarding best varieties to plant in your particular climate and altitude, as well as tips on fertilizers and pesticides.

A garden should yield bountifully and to do so good soil is required. If the quality of a garden soil is subject to suspicion, a soil analysis of a sample sent to your state agricultural college will reveal its deficiencies and suggest the proper fertilizers needed. This is a measure that should be done before, not during the planting or growing season. There is nothing more discouraging than to invest good seed, time, and backaches into a garden that was doomed by poor soil before it was started.

A garden should never be so large that its care becomes a burden. Or as someone has stated, "No garden should be too big for your wife to handle." Many a zealous gardener has started out with the idea of making his garden a hobby, a place where he could putter around evenings, only to find himself ending up as a slave to a too ambitious project.

This brings up the subject of tools. Most good gardeners are cranks about their tools — such as rakes, hoes, trowels, spades, and cultivators. They buy the best, keep them sharp and in careful repair. Many have a special shed or a section of a shed where they keep their tools under cover and go over them carefully during the winter to insure that they will be in best of shape for spring. A set of garden tools, if well taken care of, will last for many years of most exacting service.

But just what is the charm of a garden? What is the mystic hold it wields over a man or a woman? As winter wanes and the promise of spring is in the air, these are fair questions to ask ourselves. There is a fair answer to be found in that seed catalogue that came through the mail the other day. There is an answer in that bit of soil beside the house that cries for a bed of gay flowers, the plot of ground yearning to supply your table with really fresh vegetables and strawberries all summer. There is even an answer in a window box.

Urban Spring

Alice Morrey Bailey

After the winter's smoke-black snow
The neighbors come out from their walled-in heat
And curry the landscape with rake and hoe
While last summer's friendships again repeat.

And here are their houses, row on row,
With each tiny crocus cement-walk neat,
And all of the little square lawns that go
With uniform greenness down to the street.

You Can Sew—Cutting

Jean Ridges Jennings

SEWING at home, making clothes for the family, is a most desirable accomplishment. The "sew-it-yourself" phase of the "do-it-yourself" craze has taken hold everywhere. Never before have fabrics been so attractive and varied. Well-planned and well-made equipment for every possible need is abundant.

Sewing does not need to be a task if you go about it in the right way. With careful planning and the use of proper techniques you will find that it can actually be a pleasure.

More and more the trend in home sewing is for methods that will save time and motion. One of the most discouraging aspects for amateurs has always been that it is so time-consuming. Many women shy away from making their own clothes because it takes too long. Any ideas for saving precious minutes are always needed and welcomed. Don't rush. Take your time and plan well so that you won't be in a hurry to finish. Slow work gives better results than too fast work. Don't sew when you don't feel like it.

The series of discussions that will follow in this issue and in the next few months is designed to give some helpful hints on sewing techniques with the purpose of making this kind of work easier, quicker, and more fun.

Cutting

OF prime importance in making any successful garment is getting off to a good start. Without a good beginning, there may be difficulty all the way.

Many a dress failure is made before the dress is cut. Trouble starts as soon as the work starts because of the failure to alter the pattern properly before cutting the material.

Dressmaking can be much simpler and the results more satisfactory when you "cut to fit" instead of leaving all the fitting to be done after you begin to put the garment together. Dress patterns are sized according to bust measure, but not all figures with a given bust size have the same over-all proportions. So it becomes necessary to adjust each pattern to conform to the individual figure.

A very excellent way to know how your pattern is going to measure up is to first select one of your dresses that fits you as you wish to have your clothes fit. Then, with the dress flat on the table, measure it and compare these measurements with those of your pattern.

Commercial patterns give instructions showing where pattern changes should be made for each piece. It is wise to study these instructions and make your adjustments accordingly. In doing this, an important point to watch is the grain-line of the material. Alterations must not disturb the lines indicating the straight grain.

Prepare a chart with your figure measurements and also corresponding pattern measurements. Compare the two and note the changes to be made. Then make your alterations before any cutting is done.

Before attempting to cut out any fabric, be sure it is properly prepared. It should be pre-shrunk, grain-straight, and pressed free of wrinkles. Unless this is done, there is always the chance that an off-grain will result in a poorly fitting garment.

When all steps mentioned above have been taken, you are ready to lay your pattern on the material preparatory to cutting. Following are important points to be noted at this point in your dressmaking venture:

1. Select the correct cutting diagram for size, pattern, and width of material, as shown on the pattern instruction sheet. Mark it plainly so it can be referred to easily. If you are not experienced, it is better to follow it exactly.

2. Sort out pattern pieces and put away all that will not be used for the style you have chosen. This will help eliminate confusion.

3. When fabric is cut double, fold the right side to the inside. This helps keep material clean and the pieces will be cut ready for marking and ready construction. If pieces are to be cut singly, be sure the right side of the material is facing up and that the pattern is also right side up. When sections, such as sleeves, are to be cut twice, but have to be cut singly, be sure the pattern is turned over for the second piece. In this way, there will be one for each side instead of having both for the same arm.

4. Printed on each pattern piece is a heavy arrow marked *Place on straight of fabric*. It is absolutely essential that this line follow the weave of the cloth exactly, if the garment is to hang correctly. There must always be absolute accuracy on this point. Measure with a ruler or tape measure from each end of this arrow to the selvage of the material and adjust so that distances are the same. Place pins at arrow points to hold in place and then pin the remainder of the pattern piece to the fabric.

5. Some of the pattern pieces will be marked to cut on a fold of the material. The skirt back, for example, may say *Center Back—place line on fold*. Be sure of perfect accuracy in placing such pieces, turning the excess margin of the pattern under and placing the folded edge to the fold of the cloth.

6. When materials such as corduroy, velvet, or velveteen, which have a definite up and down, are used, it is necessary that all pattern pieces are turned in the same direction. That is, the top of each section must be toward the same end of the fabric. The same care must be taken when cutting printed fabrics whose design has an up and down.

7. In using materials which have a design, such as in stripes or plaids, that are spaced at regular intervals, it is quite important to have the designs match where sections are sewed together. In order to be sure of this, care must be taken at the time cutting is done to place the pattern properly. Be sure that notches which come together as seams are sewed are placed at the same place on a stripe or design. Sometimes matching designs in dress construction results in some waste of material. So it may be necessary to buy extra fabric if plaids or stripes are used.

8. Place large sections of the pattern on the material first, and then fit the smaller pieces in around them. This will result in greater economy of time and cloth.

9. Plan the entire pattern lay-out before any cutting is done. Be sure you have a place for every pattern piece. Many times the first time pieces are placed on the material, there does not seem to be enough cloth to do the job. However, with careful re-arrangement, pieces may fall into place satisfactorily. Never cut anything until your plan is complete.

10. Last, but by no means least, be as economical as possible in your cutting. Don't waste material. Place pattern pieces on the cloth in such a way that leftover fabric is in as large pieces as possible. You never know when you may need or want a sizeable piece for remodeling or repair at some later date, and you'll be glad you were careful.

Nellie Porter Workman Makes Beautiful Gifts

THE hobbies of Nellie Porter Workman, of Salt Lake City, Utah, have brought warmth to hearts in scores of homes and have enriched her own life with the gratitude of friends and relatives. Among the treasured gifts are crocheted, netted, and tatted doilies; chair sets and dresser sets; crocheted layette sets, consisting of sweaters hood, and bootees. She has made sweaters, gloves, aprons, and many other articles of exquisite handwork.

Earlier in her life, when she was left a widow with eight children, she used her handwork skills and her teaching ability to make a living for her children. She is now confined to a wheelchair and has not walked for twenty-two years, and yet she is busy and contented, always cheerful and optimistic, continually thinking of others and making gifts for them.

She devotes much time to genealogy work and teaches the literature lessons in Relief Society. Mrs. Workman is the mother of nine children, including an adopted daughter. She has thirty-three grandchildren and seventeen great-grandchildren. Her cheerfulness and courage are an inspiration to all her relatives and friends.

Ideals

Grace Ingles Frost

Without ideals, life loses much of meaning.
Ideals are stars that hearten us to strive;
They light the way for more transcendent gleaning,
And keep ambition's ambient flame alive.

One Day in Spring

Sylvia Probst Young

IT was a strange place for a cemetery, next to the schoolhouse. From the south window of her sixth grade room, Phyllis Sanders looked out at the granite markers standing as mute memorials in the haze of the early September sun. Tears stood in her eyes, painful as salt in a wound. Mr. Carter had not thought of it or he would have given her another school, of course, for Mr. Carter possessed a great depth of understanding and sympathy.

He had come one day in early summer and asked her to take a teaching position in the district. She didn't want to think of it. She had only wanted to get away from everything dear and familiar—everything that reminded her of Hugh. But running away had not been the answer, for sorrow had traveled with her wherever she went. What she needed was work—exacting and hard, to occupy her time.

In the middle of August she had come back to take the school Mr. Carter had offered her. And now there was a cemetery right out of her window — something to remind her constantly that Hugh was gone.

Abruptly she turned and looked around the room. It wasn't large enough for much rearranging, but, at least, she could turn her own desk away from the windows.

From the outside the laughter and shouting of children floated up to her. She looked at her watch — five minutes to nine. Now the students were trooping in, and the schoolhouse that yesterday had stood empty was busy and noisy and alive again.

By her door Phyllis watched the sixth graders — giggly — shy — some almost mature. They smiled at her. In the room they chose seats and the day began. The first day of school — getting acquainted, prayer, salute to the flag, planning the year's work. Thirty-four twelve-year-old boys and girls — alive — eager — challenging.

Phyllis looked at the list of names that Mr. Hales had given her.

"I'm going to call the roll," she said, "and while I do, if each of you will print your name and put it on your desk, it will help us to get acquainted more quickly."

They answered to their names . . . Mary Andrews . . . Darrell Allen . . . Carol Bates . . . Joe Bennett.

There was no answer when Joe's name was called. "Joe Bennett," Phyllis repeated.

"Hey, Joe, are you here?" someone spoke up.

A titter ran through the room, and Phyllis looked down at a boy sitting by the window, a frail-looking, fine-featured lad whose face was marked by sorrow, whose eyes gazed out at the cemetery.

He isn't in school, she thought, his mind is faraway. All day long she wondered about him. When school was out she went to see Mr. Hales.

"Tell me about Joe Bennett, he's such an unhappy youngster."

The principal nodded. "I meant to tell you about Joe before. He is a sad case. His mother was buried

about a month ago — rheumatic heart. She was Joe's whole life. They came here last year from Colorado. Joe's been in half a dozen schools. We don't know much about his father — parents were divorced. Joe and his mother have been here with her father — old man Peters. Peculiar old man, somewhat of a hermit. They seem to have no religious affiliations, and they're very independent. Joe's a sensitive boy, shy and not very well adjusted socially. But he's never known any security, poor kid. I don't know how he'll make out now that his mother's gone. . . . But you'll probably understand him more than anyone else could."

There was sympathy in the man's voice, and as Phyllis walked back to her room, she knew that she would be drawn to this orphan boy by the heartache that bound them both.

BUT Joe Bennett was not an easy boy to reach, he was out of school much of the time, and, when he came, he spent most of his day gazing out of the window. Often at recess he would cross to the cemetery to sit by a grave that seemed to be his only possession. Night after night he had to stay after school to complete his work, but he showed no resentment, only simple resignation to what must be.

More than once Phyllis had tried to talk to him, to break through the high, tight wall around his lonely, little world, to show him that she was his friend, but she had not succeeded. Although he was never rude, he answered questions, but remained always non-committal.

Then one day in November when the hills stood brown and bare beneath a lead gray sky, Phyllis had a strange experience. It had been a hard day at school. She had moved like an automaton, mechanically doing her work while her heart was torn with memories. A wedding anniversary should be spent with one you love. All day long she had relived her wonderful days with Hugh, remembering little intimate things — the way he had said "Hi, honey" and the way he had tried to damp the wave out of his hair — the smile wrinkles around his eyes . . . a dozen different things.

Promptly at four o'clock she had left the schoolhouse, the old yearning to get away strong within her. Overhead wild geese, in a patterned formation, winged southward. Her eyes followed them pensively. Hugh's, too, had been the wide expanse of sky, the whir of wings that had laughed at her earth-born fears. She quickened her steps.

I'll ride, she thought, fast and far, I won't remember.

She was getting into her car when she saw him — a lone boy in the cemetery. Joe — he hadn't been to school today. Without a second thought, she closed the car door and walked across the yard to the cemetery gate.

Chrysanthemums, bronze and white, carefully arranged in a fruit bottle were on Joe's mother's grave. "It's her birthday," he explained when Phyllis commented on their beauty.

"We missed you at school," she said, sitting down on the dead brown grass beside him. "But I know how special days are. It's that kind of a day for me, too, Joe. It's my third wedding anniversary."

"Oh." The boy turned questioning eyes to her, he did not know.

With an effort she kept her voice steady. "My husband was a test pilot, he was killed last spring in a plane crash."

Quick sympathy filled Joe's eyes. "Gee, Mrs. Saunders, I'm awfully sorry. I guess we feel alike—you and I."

And suddenly then he was crying — hard, racking sobs. They tore Phyllis apart. She put her arm around him and, when the tears had subsided, she spoke gently, praying for the right words.

"JOE, you and I know the same kind of loneliness. But we have to remember that those who have died are only away. One day we will be reunited with them."

Abruptly the fair head was raised, and the reddened eyes were filled with a strange wonder. "You mean," he said slowly, "you mean I will see my mother again?"

"Joe!" Phyllis looked at the boy in amazement. It was incredulous. No wonder his grief was so overwhelming. Where were they who should have taught him? What had Mr. Hales said — they had no religious affiliations.

"Joe, didn't anyone ever tell you —at the funeral, or your grandpa?"

The boy shook his head, "Grandpa only said the dead are dead, and there's no use worryin' about it."

Grandpa — what must he be like? Mr. Hales had said, *peculiar*. Probably doing his duty by Joe, living only for here and now. But how unjust to leave a boy alone, groping in the darkness.

"Joe, listen to me, you will see your mother again. Death is something like winter and spring," she spoke gently. "Look at the trees now — brown and bare, but when spring comes what will happen? Life will return, the sap will flow again; and they will leaf out and bloom.

"It's something like the resurrection, and it will come to everyone who ever dies. Your mother will live again, as surely as the blossoms return."

And while the shadows lengthened, the teacher talked to her student, but she was more than a teacher of everyday subjects, for her words were food for his starved soul. Quietly she told him of God and of the Master who had given his life that we might live.

In the light of her understanding, the boy found words to release the tension, to her he opened the door of his tight little world.

Darkness had fallen when they drove to Joe's grandpa's house. A shabby, forgotten structure, it stood on a lonesome road behind a hill. The light from two small, curtainless windows pierced the gloom like cat's eyes. As they neared the house, Joe seemed to draw within himself. When the car stopped he got out quickly, and with a brief "Thank you," he ran up the path without a backward glance.

Driving back toward her own home, Phyllis pondered on the little drama in the cemetery. Had she helped Joe? He had listened and even talked of himself, but how quickly he had withdrawn again. If she had helped him, she wasn't sure, but within her own heart was a quiet peace. Had the telling of things she knew, the oral repeating of truths for her own hearing,

given her a needed peace? As she rode along, a phrase from the Bible came to her —"Physician, heal thyself."

ALL through the days that followed she was aware of Joe. But there was never again an opportunity to talk in quiet confidence. The winter days were busy ones. Joe rode the bus now, and went home promptly at four. His eyes were often on the snow-covered cemetery, but Phyllis noted with a feeling of joy that his school work was greatly improved.

She wondered how much he remembered or believed of what she had told him, and she found ways of keeping him aware of it. Whenever possible she talked of God in the lessons. The class library was supplemented with some of her own books.

When the snow started to melt in March she turned the students' interest to watching for signs of spring.

Still Joe was ever an enigma. "I've tried so hard," she told Mr. Hales one night near the end of school, "but I don't know if I've done anything for Joe."

"A teacher," Mr. Hales reminded her, "seldom has a way of measuring just what she has done. You might be surprised."

On the day school closed Phyllis watched nostalgically as her students came in for the last time. The year had been good for her — work, giving of herself.

The pupils crowded around her desk.

"School has been fun, Mrs. Saunders. . . . I hate to see it close now. . . . Are you coming back to teach here, Mrs. Saunders?"

There were gifts on her desk — a silk scarf, a beautiful linen handkerchief with crocheting around the edges — some rhinestone earrings.

She gave out the report cards — goodbyes were said. But one report card still lay on her desk when everyone had gone. Joe Bennett had not come.

Phyllis was keenly disappointed. Somehow she had failed.

She was counting scissors — her last chore — when the door opened. Standing there, with his arms filled with apple blossoms, was Joe.

I'm sorry I came so late," he apologized. "I had to help Grandpa."

He held out the blossoms — pink and white, delicately fragrant.

"I brought them for you," he said.

Blossoms . . . and she had thought the cause was a lost one. But now he stood before her, a child who had groped through winter darkness to find the blossoms that she had told him about.

With blurred eyes, she gathered the blossoms to her heart.

"Joe, it's the nicest gift I've ever had," she said in a choked kind of voice.

It was after he had gone that she found the card, carefully written and tied to a small green branch: "Thank you for being my teacher. —Joe."

For a long moment she held the little card in her hand. Here was recompense beyond anything monetary . . . a little homemade card bearing a boy's name, an expression from the heart. It would be tucked away with her keepsakes — something to be long treasured.

From Shirt to Slips

Hazel Brackett

A VERY good slip for a small girl can be made from a man's white cotton shirt that is showing wear.

The slip pictured was made from a pattern, in a size two. If commercial patterns are not available, a pattern can be cut from an old slip. This slip was made from two shirt backs as the fronts were damaged, and the placket opening was not used.

Directions

Save time by cutting out the sleeves and yoke, rather than ripping the shirt. Cut off the front facing and join the two sides of the front of the shirt by a seam. Cut the front of the slip from the back of the shirt and the back of the slip from the front of the shirt. The fold of the pattern will be on the front seam.

Baste and stitch the shoulder seams. Cut the placket facing, rip the back seam the length necessary, baste and stitch the placket. Turn under the armholes and sew. Join the sides by French seams. Finish the neck and hem with lace, ruffled edging, or a plain hem. About a yard and a half of edging at twenty-two cents a yard was used on the slip pictured. Sew on a button and make a thread loop for the back opening, and the slip is done.

If the sleeves of the shirt are large enough and not too badly worn, you may wish to make a slip from them. This requires a little more manipulating and some piecing. One sleeve provides the back and the other the front. The slip will be crosswise of the material, but this has no effect on its wearability.

Panties, also, can be made from the sleeves. A seam will be required at the bottom. About three yards of ruffled edging will be needed for ruffled panties, depending on how full the ruffles are made.

The material in men's shirts is of high quality, so they make attractive, durable underclothing which may be bleached or boiled.

Besides providing clothes for the family, this could be a project for girls when they are learning to sew.

Only Sage and More Sage

Mabel Law Atkinson

IT was April. Lena looked soberly into the serious eyes of Jim Johnson and shook her head.

"But when will you marry me, Lena, never?"

"Don't sound so doleful, Jim."

"But I must know. I can't be kept dangling like this."

Lena waved a hand to indicate the acres of sage land and said slowly, "I'll marry you, Jim, when autumn flames from bush to bush on this land, and flames so brightly as to illuminate the sky. I loved the autumn back home, with its scarlet and gold spreading like flame, but here all is desolate, only sage and more sage."

"But give us time, Lena darling. Already the few acres of winter wheat are greening, and this summer more of this sage land will yield fertile black loam which next spring will be burgeoning with grain and hay. And, Lena, over there will be the school; and there the steepled church; and there the store." Jim indicated the places as he spoke. "Can't you vision this a thriving town with broad, smooth highways? With our log cabins growing into homes adorned with the work of our hands, as our Prophet said, with beauty twining above our doors in vines and roses?"

"No, Jim, all I can see is desolation. I'm sorry, but I cannot rust out in this parasitic desert." As Jim cast her a startled look, she added hastily, "Oh, don't worry. I'll stick it out this summer for Mother's sake, and for Dad's, then before winter comes I shall return East."

Lena did not mope but pitched in and helped with the creation of a home, with beautifying the grounds and with the garden, praying for sufficient rain for it to grow.

"To think we'd ever be planting the peelings of potatoes!" she laughingly said to Jim a month later. "You know I've decided I shall have all the fun I can in everything I do, and make this summer profitable. Why, I even carry water from the river to the flowers which are coming up by our cabin door. Come in and help eat the potatoes whose peelings I've planted, and you'll see a lovely bouquet beautifies the table. And do you know, Father said this morning that someday water will flow from the river through canals to irrigate our farms? That would be a miracle, don't you think?"

"Yes, and there will be many miracles accomplished by our faith and toil." As Jim entered her home and saw the blue bowl filled with wild sweet williams centering the table, he turned to Lena saying, "That's my girl." She blushed rosily and began putting the food on the table to cover her confusion.

SUMMER passed quickly. The two were together much of the time, but Jim never mentioned the subject of marriage again.

In July, Jim and Lena attended the first dance held in the new meetinghouse, a one-roomed structure with a cloak room in front. It would serve as dance hall and schoolhouse until these could be erected. As they entered and saw the mellow light from the coal-oil

lamps hung on the walls with reflectors behind the chimneys, Lena whispered, "Oh, Jim, what a homey atmosphere! I can hardly wait to dance again."

"Good girl," he said gently as they waltzed away to the music of harmonicas played by four of the boys.

Later, as they danced the square dances to the tune of Ole Olson's violin, Lena felt that perhaps this pioneering venture had compensations. She renewed her promise to herself to enjoy each day with its work and its recreation.

Time raced quickly by and harvest was upon them. Lena felt a new excitement when Jim's father drove over one afternoon and said, "Well, Miss Lena, would you like to be a harvest hand tomorrow? Jim said I shouldn't ask you to do such work, but I think you will enjoy it. All the other young folks, girls as well as young men, are coming."

"Why I wouldn't miss it for anything. I'll be there!"

"Come at sunrise!" he called from the gate, then came back, lowered his voice and went on, "I'll give my thank-you at night—a bonfire party and a dance afterward in the open. Just thought I'd let you in on my plans." He started to leave, then came back again and said hesitatingly, "And Lena, don't worry. If you can't love my son enough to want to marry him and stay here and bear his children, why you can't, that's all there is to it, but I'd be proud to claim you for a daughter. You have spirit and intellect and common sense, and . . . beauty! Now I'll go for sure."

Lena stood watching him drive away, then repeated slowly, "I'd be proud to claim you for a daughter." The words echoed in her mind like a chant off and on all day.

SUNRISE found an eager group of young folks and a few older men at the Johnson place ready to begin threshing.

The timothy and lucern seed were threshed out first. Laying the timothy (and later the lucern) on a large canvas fastened to the ground by means of pegs at the corners, the threshers flailed it until the seeds were released. Lena was fascinated as she watched Jim's father eliminate the chaff by means of two pans and a breeze. He poured seed from one pan held high into the other one held lower and continued pouring from one pan to the other until the seed was free of chaff. She seemed attuned to the miracle she was seeing, and to the very vibrations of the air.

When they all trooped to the house for dinner, Lena was one of the first to wash in the tub of water outside for that purpose. Without hesitation, she lathered her face as well as hands with the homemade soap, rinsed it off, then rubbed them shining with the seamless sack towel.

After dinner, the crew rested for awhile on the shady side of the cabin, then resumed their threshing.

"Lay the bundles in a circle on the canvas," called Jim's father.

"With the heads in toward the center, Lena," said Jim who saw she was about to lay her bundle the wrong way.

"Now tramp, tramp, tramp the bundles!" sang out Old Jake Winters, who was caller for their square dances and had been especially in-

vited to be there. Again and again they tramped out a new set of bundles.

In the middle of the afternoon, Sister Johnson brought lemonade and apple pie to revive them, so she said, but she found no drooping spirits. However, they hailed her with shouts of welcome.

"I never knew work could be so much fun," Lena called to her with laughter in her voice and her eyes. "And just look at your Jim, I never dreamed he could be so handsome with a smudged face."

"There's a smudge on your own face, my beauty," he retaliated.

"I don't doubt it. And to think I'd ever eat pie like this, holding it with grimy hands!"

"What matter if the heart is clean!" It was Jim's father who spoke, for he had overheard their banter. Then he called out, "Time to start again!"

That was the signal for Old Jake to begin whistling and clapping his hands to bring out the rhythm. Round and round the young folks marched, tramping out the grain, at times singing the words to the whistled melody.

WHEN the last circle of bundles was tramped, Jim said, "Now if only a good breeze will come this way."

"Hold your face this way, Jim, for I feel one coming, sure as sure." Lena was all expectancy as she answered.

"Providence is with us all right," called out Jim's father as he panned out the chaff.

When the clean, amber grain was sacked, Brother Johnson thanked them all warmly then continued, "It's sunset now. Go home, do your chores, and return at dusk to gather sage."

"A bonfire party!" shouted one.

"And a dance afterward, an outdoor dance!" called another. "We'll be here, Brother Johnson, we'll be here!"

And they were, the girls looking their prettiest in their calico dresses, and the men gallant, yet shy, in their clean shirts.

What joy it was to dance in the light of the fire to the music of Ole Olson's violin interspersed with Old Jake's whistling! Everyone joined in the fun.

"Now!" called Brother Johnson, when it was nearing midnight, "Let's boom the fire, then waltz to 'Home Sweet Home' played by Jack and Pete here on their harmonicas."

Soon the rest of the sage was piled high on the glowing coals. As Lena was swinging her arm to throw on the last and biggest sage of all, Jim's hand closed over hers, and together they swung their arms twice, then released the prize limb which landed on the very top of the blazing tepee of fire. They were waltzing when the beauty of the scene bade them stop and enjoy to the full the picture portrayed.

Jim's eyes were shining as he turned to the girl and said, "See, Lena, autumn flames from sage to sage on this land, and flames so brightly as to illuminate the sky! Do you know what that means, Lena?"

Her eyes were shining, too, and her lips were smiling as she answered, "Yes Jim, I know. Why do you suppose I worked so hard to gather sage?"

Lunch At Grandma's

Elsie C. Carroll

"HELLO, Mother. I have to go downtown this morning. Will it be all right if Luanne comes to your place for lunch?"

"Why, of course. You know how happy I always am to have her."

"I know. But please don't fuss as you usually do. Just a sandwich and a glass of milk is really all she needs."

"Don't fuss!" Of course I'd fuss. Having a guest for lunch always gives me a little tingle of excitement, even when—no, especially when the guest is my little eight-year-old granddaughter.

I went to the kitchen and opened the refrigerator and cupboard doors. What should it be today? Not cream of chicken soup. She had that and an apple tart last time her mother left her.

A lamb patty. There was just enough cold lamb. Or maybe I should make it into a little pie. I turned the oven on. What if it was extravagant to bake just one tiny pie! The heat would make the kitchen warm and cozy. Raw carrots. Her mother was always worrying how to get her to eat more vegetables. I'd shred them. In cold water it would take but a moment to make them into pretty curls. They'd make a pretty nest in the little green glass boat she loved. Would raisins do for eggs? No, I'd open the jar of seedless grapes Sister Jenkins brought in last week.

Sandwiches—I could use the heart and star-shaped cookie cutters and spread them with cheese and slightly brown them in the oven. Dessert? there must be dessert. It would take only a jiffy to make a tapioca pudding—and the top of a bottle of milk would whip—and a maraschino cherry on anything made a party dish for her.

I got the little folding table from the closet—the one her mother used to have, and put a pretty place mat on it.

All was ready when she came.

"Oh, Grandma! It's a party!" Stars were in her eyes.

While she ate she told me what they'd done in school and what a pretty dress her teacher had.

When she was almost through, she clapped her hands when she saw me reach for the painted candy box with my special "company goodies."

"May I pick the one I want?"

"Don't fuss!" It didn't seem like fussing. I tried to analyze the feeling of warm happiness in my heart just having that little girl eating her lunch in my kitchen.

It seems our reactions to any experience are complex. I vaguely felt that this one, simple as it was, had a little bit of the past, and a little bit of what I half-consciously hoped would be the future fused with the present.

I was remembering another little girl having lunch in a grandma's clean, log-cabin kitchen. That grandma, in her checked gingham apron with cross-stitch roses running across the bottom, and a tiny white tatted collar on her black dress, was reaching up to a special shelf in her homemade cupboard, which held a few glasses of bright currant jelly, kept for sickness and very special occasions. I was remembering how carefully she dipped out three spoonfuls of the delicacy and put them on a tiny treasured antique plate and set it beside two slices of crusty, fresh salt-rising bread and a mug of cold, creamy milk for the little girl-guest to eat.

And vaguely fusing with that memory was a sort of longing that in some misty future day, perhaps another grandmother would be preparing lunch for another little girl with stars in her eyes, and that she would look back happily upon *this* moment.

Yellow Padding

Leone E. McCune

TOMORROW was the day! For two weeks now, my sister Alice and I had heard Mama talking with Papa about it. Papa had to hire a man in his place to go to the farm. And Mama had set the time for Liza, the hired girl to help. It was the only time Liza came, except when Alice was born and I was born.

Alice and I could hardly go to sleep that night for thinking about it. Housecleaning time was the most exciting time of the whole year, except Christmas and the Fourth of July and threshing time.

In bed we whispered together, lower and slower, and and then tomorrow was today. Bright sunlight streamed through our open windows, where the curtains had been taken down to be washed and ironed.

I woke up first and nudged Alice awake. We listened a minute to the noise of furniture being moved about in Mama's and Papa's bedroom. Then we jumped out of bed and began to dress, each one trying to beat the other.

Soon, Mama, brisk and smiling, came into the room. "So, my darlings, you are already up?" She kissed each one of us.

"As soon as you're dressed, go down to the kitchen and I'll give you your breakfast."

Then she called to Papa to help take the mattress off our bed.

Papa's face was wet with perspiration, when he gave us his morning kiss. They carried the mattress to their room, where a door opened onto a little porch, and dropped it to the lawn below where theirs had already been dropped. Then Mama hurried downstairs.

But who wanted to eat on such a morning?

Papa had gone back to pulling tacks out of the gayly colored woven rag carpet.

Giggling and bumping into each other, we descended the stairs. In the kitchen, Mama helped us wash, then she combed our hair.

Liza, the hired girl, a tall, gaunt, pale woman, greeted us. "Good morning girls," she said pleasantly.

"Good morning, Liza," we said politely, as Mama had taught us to do.

Liza went on dipping hot, soapy suds from the big boiler heating on the stove, to take outdoors to the washtub.

We climbed into our chairs at the breakfast table, and Mama brought us cereal from the back of the stove.

Mama waited while I said grace.

We ate as quickly as we could and then ran out to watch Mama and Liza. But they had already emptied the old straw from the ticks, so we watched them rub and rinse and put the ticks through the wringer. Then they hung them on the lines in the hot sun to dry.

We raced across the grass under the apple trees and ran back upstairs to watch Papa.

He had the carpet all untacked and ready to be taken up, when we got upstairs again. Alice and I kept getting in the way, and patiently he would urge us back. He brought each corner of the carpet to the center of the room in a heap, gathered it up and dropped it to the lawn

below, where the mattresses had gone.

Then, carefully, he began to push, sweep, and gather the faded trodden straw into an old sheet Mama had given him.

When both carpets were up, Papa went down and swept and beat them until there was no more dust in them. While he did that, Mama and Liza cleaned the floors and woodwork and furniture, then left the rooms to air and dry, while we had dinner.

By that time, Mama told us our dolls were so sleepy they needed a nap. She spread a quilt under the apple tree and gave us a blanket and pillows.

AFTER awhile we went inside and tagged along after Papa, when he went to the barnyard. There in a shed was a fresh, clean straw stack. He spread the sheet that he had emptied of the old straw, and laid it over the wheelbarrow. Alice and I carried our arms full, while Papa heaped it on with the pitchfork. It was clean and sweet smelling and as yellow as the moon that came up over our valley. We helped wheel the barrow to the house and then Papa took the straw upstairs to spread evenly on the floors.

We left Papa to tack the carpets down again and went with Mama and Liza to fill the ticks with straw. Alice and I wanted to help fill them, but Mama said the dolls should watch so we stood and held them. When the ticks were as full as they could get, Mama and Liza sewed them together right down the middle. Then carried them upstairs to make up the beds.

Right after supper that night, Mama told us to get ready for bed, and this time we were happy to go early. We undressed and put on our long outing-flannel nightgowns. While we waited for Mama to come back to hear our prayers, we walked slowly and happily about the room. We listened to the crunching sound as our bare feet sunk into the padding of the carpet.

Laughing and squealing with delight, we climbed over the foot of the bed in order to reach the top of the high mattress. What a wonderful feeling it was to sink our small bodies into the soft crunchiness of the straw, and to pull the clean crisp sheets and the clean homemade patchwork quilt over us.

Mama soon came back to hear our prayers and blow out the light.

"Sleep tight, now," she said, "so you can wake up early in the morning."

The last thing we saw before it was day again, was moonlight streaming through the lace curtains at the open window, making lovely patterns of light and shadow on the floor.

The next day's work was much like the first, only there were no beds to be made up. When evening came the parlor was the prettiest room of all. The sofa, the chairs, and table legs made lovely imprints of puffiness in the thickly padded carpet. The center table held the coal-oil lamp with its flowered globe. When it was lighted it cast a lovely glow on the family album and the Holy Bible.

Again that night, and for many nights to come, there was delight in the new mattresses and the thick yellow padding of the carpets.

Elizabeth's Children

Olive W. Burt

Chapter 3

Synopsis: When her sister Elizabeth died, Carol Wilson, an artist, who was unmarried, felt great sympathy for the motherless children. Several months after Elizabeth's funeral, Carol, who had returned to her magazine work in the city, received a letter from Kathy, the eldest niece, saying that the children were lonely and unhappy, and the grandmother ill. Carol decides to go to the children.

CAROL had never been welcomed anywhere as joyously as she was that Saturday morning at the little Wyoming airport. Fred had brought the children with him to meet her. As she came down the steps from the plane, she heard their shouts and saw their waving hands. Then, when she reached the gate, they swarmed over her with hugs and kisses. Behind them, her brother-in-law Fred Trent, stood beaming.

"It's mighty good to see you, Carol!" he said. "Watch out, children, or you'll smother her! Back up, Stevie! Give your Aunt Carol a chance to get her breath."

Carol raised her face from the bobbing heads of the youngsters. She was flushed and happy.

"Oh, Fred!" she cried. "I've missed them all so much! How are you? And how's everything at the ranch?"

"Okay to both questions, Carol. Oh, Mother's been down with arthritis, but I have an excellent housekeeper, who looks after us all."

Beneath the hearty assurance, Carol wondered whether she detected the same note of loneliness and unhappiness that she had read in Kathy's letters.

"Well, I'm here to cheer you all up a bit!" Carol said cheerfully and squeezed Kathy's thin shoulders. She would say nothing, as yet, about the tear-blob on the letter.

They clambered into the station wagon, all four maneuvering frantically to sit next to their aunt. It was a laughing, happy group that went into the big ranch house, where Fred's mother sat in her wheel chair by the window, waiting for them. Carol went to the frail, suffering woman and kissed her.

As Carol glanced quickly about the big living room she thought, there's something wrong with this picture! She had expected to find the children sad and unkempt, the house a shambles, everything just waiting for her magic touch to set it right. But the house was neat and orderly, the children well-groomed, and now the fragrance of a hearty meal greeted her nostrils. Carol shook her head. How could she have been so wrong? There was that tear-blob on Kathy's letter and Stevie's unmistakable hints, but now these seemed to have lost a good deal of their poignancy.

Just then Mrs. Cartwright came into the room and was introduced to Carol. She was a tall, spare woman in her middle fifties, very neat and clean and efficient-looking.

All through the noisy, delicious meal, Carol kept wondering where

she had gone astray in her interpretation of the situation.

The next morning, Carol asked, "Do you want me to drive the children into the village for Sunday School?"

Fred smiled. "Oh, no, Carol. We all go — even Mother. It's been such a comfort to us—Church has, and Bishop Glover has been a pillar of strength."

He brought the station wagon to the front door and gently carried his mother out and placed her in the front seat. Her wheel chair, folded, went into the back. Mrs. Cartwright sat beside the older woman, solicitous for her comfort, and Carol was again surrounded by the children.

Carol was scarcely conscious that she was observing everything so closely, trying to discover why Kathy and Steve had given her the idea that they were so miserable. They looked perfectly happy this morning, dressed in the pretty spring outfits she had sent them.

SHE had no opportunity to question Kathy until that afternoon, after dinner. The little girls had been put down for their naps and Stevie was swinging in the hammock, reading. Kathy snuggled close to her aunt as she sat on the wide porch, drinking in the beauty and peace of the still, Wyoming countryside. Carol slipped her arm around the little girl and drew her close.

"Kathy, darling, do you know something? Somehow Aunt Carol got the idea that you were crying when you wrote that last letter."

Kathy raised her clear, honest eyes to her aunt's face. "I guess I was, Aunt Carol," she admitted, unashamed.

"What was wrong, dear? Anything special?"

"Oh, no!" Kathy answered. "It's just that when I write to you I get to thinking about Mommy — you are so much like her, Aunt Carol. And then I feel bad and the tears come. . . ."

Carol's brow wrinkled. "But I thought. . . ." She stopped. How could she tell the child the anxiety that had gnawed at her?

"I'm glad you did, Aunt Carol. If that's why you came to visit us. Honestly, we get so lonesome sometimes we just about die!"

"But darling! You have your Daddy and Grandma Trent and Mrs. Cartwright. How can you be so lonely?"

"They're not Mommy, Aunt Carol. And they're not you! Don't you see — you treat us different — you take us on walks and tell us stories, the way Mommy used to. It makes us sort of forget — oh, we don't really forget, but it makes it easier to remember."

Carol drew the child closer. "I see, darling. Well, I am glad that I can do even that much for you children."

But she was somewhat taken aback. She had built up such a picture of Elizabeth's children, with tear-streaked faces, needing her. Oh, yes, they did need her, but, after all, would an expert in child training think she spoiled them?

That their Grandmother Trent had some such idea Carol learned that evening. The older woman said carefully, "We're all so glad to have you with us again, Carol. The children adore you so. And it's

good for them to be spoiled a little now and again. How long can you stay this time?"

Carol looked at the pain-drawn face of the invalid. How long can you stay or how soon will you go? Which did she mean? But one thing was certain, Mrs. Trent didn't expect her to stay indefinitely.

"I don't know, Mrs. Trent," Carol said slowly. "Not too long, I guess."

"Well, as I said, it doesn't hurt them to have a little special attention now and then, though I'm a firm believer in teaching children to be self-reliant and independent. I've seen too many children ruined by too much attention."

Carol smiled. "I'll try not to spoil Elizabeth's children, Mrs. Trent. Anyway, they'll be in school most of the time. I won't have many hours with them." She couldn't keep the edge of bitterness out of her voice.

Mrs. Trent stretched out a frail, wrinkled hand and laid it on Carol's arm. "Don't take my words amiss, Carol. It's just that I need a lot of attention — and I hate to be a burden — hate to see Fred burdened, not only with me, but with all the responsibility. . . ." Her pain-dimmed eyes begged for understanding.

Carol, touched, bent and kissed the wrinkled forehead. "I understand, Mrs. Trent," she said gently.

AFTER the children left on the school bus next day, Carol felt like a fifth wheel. She didn't dare pay too much attention to Trudy, the only one at home, and there was little to do in the house, so efficiently managed by Mrs. Cartwright. She was glad she had brought her painting kit with her. She gathered her equipment and went out into the field to paint the Tetons towering above the narrow valley.

As she worked, she was thinking how Brent Gibson would love this place. Brent! She ought to be back at her desk — the magazine needed her more than Elizabeth's children did. Then she shook away that thought. No, she was needed here, too, for awhile at least. Anyway, she could not go back and face Brent and say, "I was all wrong. They don't want me up there."

Brent would smile his amused, understanding smile and tell her as he often had, "You'll learn, Carol. The only true peace in this world comes from work — work you love."

The week passed uneventfully, but Saturday was to be a big day. The children and Carol were huddled over the table on Friday evening, making plans for the morrow's picnic, when the phone rang. Fred answered it, and as he listened an expression of delight brightened his face. He hung up the receiver and came to the table, his step light and buoyant, in spite of his six feet and well-matured frame.

"Forget the picnic, kids!" he said excitedly. "Something better has come up. Guess what it is!"

"What, Daddy? What could be better?" they asked.

"Mrs. Graham and Tony are back! They'll fly in tomorrow. We're to meet them at the airport!"

"Oh, goody! goody!" Kathy cried. "She promised to bring me a doll from England!"

"Tony's bringing me some

(Continued on page 206)

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Hulda Parker, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society *Handbook of Instructions*.

Photograph submitted by Elizabeth W. Hatch

IDAHO STAKE SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, December 8, 1957

Front row, seated, left to right: Joyce Hogan, chorister; Anne Whitworth, organist; Christene Hatch.

Second row, standing, left to right: Ada Marie Maybe; Marcia Warner; Retta Barger; Laura Finlayson; Marvilla Jenkins; Aileen Hubbard; Beth Call; Marcele Hatch; Arlene Smith; Esther Wallace; Hazel Ozburn.

Third row, standing, left to right: Evelyn McCammon; Bergetta Smith; Pearl Jackobson; Pearl Yost; Lola Walker; Iva Lou Ruger; Elva Call.

Fourth row, standing, left to right: Jolene Hatch; Emma Moore; Betty Thurber; Lila Welch; Mary Reed; Nora Maughan; Luella Watkins; Chloe Christensen; Lillis Lloyd; Ruth Lewis; Connie Ozburn; Marjorie Hatch.

Fifth row, standing, left to right: Erma Banks; Claron Gibbons; Shirley Skinner; Donna Hatch; Beth Hogan; Hattie Meade; Helen Thomas; Marge Allen; Ida Kessler; Ina Wilson; Marjorie Christensen; Afton Johnson; Pearl Goodwin; Erma Humphries.

Elizabeth W. Hatch, President, Idaho Stake Relief Society, reports: "Under the direction of Joyce Hogan, chorister, and Anne Whitworth, organist, these sisters learned the numbers in their respective wards, then came together for practice to be able to sing as a combined group in the afternoon session of our stake conference, December 8, 1957."

Photograph submitted by Eva H. Jensen

MORGAN STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE CONFERENCE, December 8, 1957

Lena Giles is chorister for this group, and Joleen Price is organist. Eva H. Jensen is president of Morgan Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Frances P. Andrus

NORTHERN FAR EAST MISSION, HARDY BARRACKS BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY (TOKYO, JAPAN) OPENING SOCIAL, September 24, 1957

Left to right: Verda Worlund, First Counselor; Margaret Gledhill, President; Phyllis Goodrich, Secretary-Treasurer; Beth Hendricks, Second Counselor.

Frances P. Andrus, President, Northern Far East Mission Relief Society, submits the following report from the Hardy Barracks Branch Relief Society: "On Tuesday, September 24, 1957, the Relief Society of the Tokyo Servicemen's Branch, Northern Far East Mission, held their opening social. A lovely luncheon was served to twenty-three members and their guests. The class leaders for the coming year were honored with miniature corsages of yellow chrysanthemums and blue ribbons. These women are: Nellie Rae Jones, theology class leader; Gladys Sorensen, work meeting discussion leader; Dorothy Harrell, literature class leader; Harriet Newman, social science class leader.

"Phyllis Goodrich, Secretary-Treasurer, arranged an attractive centerpiece of yellow chrysanthemums and blue-tinted carnations. The cake, which was cut and served as desert, was symbolic of the work for this next year. It was artistically decorated with flowers and a book under which was written: 'Learning Brings Happiness, 1957-58.'

"The honored guests at this luncheon were Frances P. Andrus; Goldie Florence, wife of our district president; Marilyn Hug, a missionary; Virginia Phillips, President, Central Honshu District Relief Society, and her counselors and secretary: Juventa Lewis, Carolyne Bergeson, and Rula Cluff.

"Sister Andrus gave some beautiful and inspirational thoughts in a short address. Sister Margaret Gledhill thanked the sisters for their interest and co-operation and wished all a happy Relief Society year. Sister Gledhill and her counselors . . . are to be commended for their spirit of leadership and organization in this group.

"The servicemen's Relief Society groups are doing well and much good is being accomplished both with their own members and with our Japanese sisters."

Photograph submitted by Olive B. Smart

REXBURG STAKE (IDAHO), COLLEGE WARD RELIEF SOCIETY CHORUS PRESENTS MUSIC FOR WARD RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE
November 1957

Olive B. Smart, President, Rexburg Stake Relief Society, reports on the activities of this outstanding group of young singers. This chorus of fifty-four members furnished music for the College Ward Relief Society Conference in November. Our College Ward organization of young girls is a successful and active group. Mary Hess is ward president, with Marilyn Windley as chorister for the singing group, and Merlyn Taylor, organist."

Photograph submitted by Mary R. Edwards

LAKE MEAD STAKE (NEVADA) RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS PROVIDE MUSIC FOR STAKE CONFERENCE

Lenore Cramer, chorister, stands in front at the left; Almeda Deen, organist, is seated at the organ.

Mary R. Edwards, President, Lake Mead Stake Relief Society, reports that this picture represents the second time that the combined choruses of the wards of Lake Mead Stake have presented music for stake conference, since they were made a stake a year and a half ago.

Photograph submitted by Hortense Robinson

FINNISH MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE
Helsinki, November 2-3, 1957

Front row, seated, left to right: Alida Larson, member Finnish Mission Relief Society board; Tyrne Lahtinen (Kokkola); Toini Kerttula (Lahti); Lydia Miete, mission board; Bertta Hienonen (Kotka); Helka Karumo, mission board.

Second row, standing, left to right: Aili Matilainen (Vaasa); Rauha Syrjala (Oulu); Elsa Blomquist (Jacobstad); Rauha Kempainen (Jyvaskyla); Saimi Hurme (Hameenlinna); Sofia Ranta (Helsinki); Aili Kauhanen (Tampere).

Third row, standing, left to right: Anna Stromberg (Larsmo); Helvi Pekkarinen (Kuopio); Aune Pyotsia (Pori); Vuokko Meittinen (Savonlinna); Lempi Ojala (Lap-

peenranta); Kirsti Lehtinen (Joensuu); Lea Minni, First Counselor, Finnish Mission Relief Society; Hortense B. Robinson, President, Finnish Mission Relief Society.

Sister Robinson reports: "The two-day conference featured instruction meetings, lesson previews, teaching methods and aids, a pageant depicting ten years of Relief Society and Church growth in Finland, a testimony meeting, two general sessions, and a fireside featuring the new Relief Society Building. Luncheons for the presidents of branches and the newly organized Relief Society board were held also.

"The conference opened with a get-acquainted hour. Music was furnished by a combined Singing Mothers chorus of fifty voices. The Saturday instruction meetings were attended by 150 workers, while attending the Sunday sessions were over 350. The conference was an inspiration and joy to everyone. We have seventeen branch Relief Societies functioning with all local Finnish leadership. Every branch was represented at the conference. . . . The Lord has blessed the work here, and we are very grateful for the spirit of this great work that is here in the mission. . . ."

The Winds of March

Helen S. Williams

THERE are different kinds of winds that blow. There are the cold, freezing ones of winter, the hot scorching ones of summer, the warm, soft winds that coax the flowers to blossom, and cool, refreshing winds of early morning and of eventide that soothe and refresh.

The best winds of all are the cleansing, blustering winds of March which prepare the earth for the newness of spring's resurrection.

The strong winds blow away broken branches, winter soot and dirt, and the debris of the yesteryear, to make way for the blossoming of daffodils, tulips, and new beauty.

Some say with the poet "It is an ill wind that blows no good." Yet even the ill winds of adversity and disappointment bring their blessings: "My son, peace be unto thy soul; thine adversity and thine afflictions shall be but a small moment" (D & C 121-7).

Financial troubles, if faced wisely and courageously, may develop new ambition for harder work, more wisdom in management, striving to live within one's means. They may be the incentive to pay an honest tithe, thereby receiving great blessings, materially and spiritually. Sickness and suffering, if met bravely, teach a new evaluation of the importance of life. A new television set, a new spring hat and dress or suit are not very important to the one who longs only to take a place in the stream of life with good health and vigor again. Yes, values take their rightful place when the so-called ill wind of sickness blows, and a new faith, courage, and hope are fanned into mankind because of suffering.

Then there is bereavement. It, too, has its spiritual blessings even as it brings heartbreak and sorrow. The winds of sympathy and of understanding bring a closer relationship with our Father in heaven — for to those bereaved the veil is very thin between them and their loved ones.

Age, which touches all who live long, may be a strength-bearing wind. Difficulties, if met without rancor, produce strength of character; disappointments increase courage and patience and straight thinking. The process of living can bring about serenity of soul and mind and wonderful understanding.

The soul and spirit may stay eternally young, even though the winds of time and life destroy the physical appearance. Strength of character, wisdom, and courage should be the blessings of the aged.

Most winds, if understood and accepted, are harbingers of spring, of better things to come, and of a renewal of hope.

When the March winds blow remember: "Oh, wind, if winter comes, can spring be far behind?"

Sacred Selections

THREE PART CHORUSES FOR LADIES

..... BRIDGE BUILDER—Dougall .... .20
..... CREATE IN ME A CLEAN HEART—Mueller ..... .20
..... FORTH IN THY NAME, O LORD—Madsen ..... .20
..... GOD SHALL WIPE AWAY ALL TEARS—Roma ..... .20
..... GRANT ME, DEAR LORD, DEEP PEACE OF MIND—Stickles..... .20
..... LET THE MOUNTAINS SHOUT FOR JOY—Stephens ..... .20
..... LORD'S PRAYER—Gates ..... .20
..... MY SOUL IS ATHIRST FOR GOD—Madsen ..... .20
..... O DIVINE REDEEMER—Gounod .25
..... TWENTY-THIRD PSALM—Malotte ..... .22
..... VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS—Scott ..... .22

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Elizabeth's Children

(*Continued from page 200*)

stamps!" Stevie boasted, "From every country they went to."

"She's undoubtedly brought each of you something," Fred admitted, "but I hope that's not the main reason you're glad she's back."

"Of course not, Daddy!" Kathy said seriously. "We'd be glad if she didn't bring us anything. We're glad she's coming home. She's been away so long!"

The words brought a shadow to Fred's face. "Yes, she's been away so long."

CAROL knew from former visits that Dolly Graham owned the next ranch to Fred's. She and her husband had been Fred's and Elizabeths closest, dearest friends. But John Graham had died last spring, and later, before Elizabeth's death, his widow had gone to England to meet her brother, who was just completing his mission there. They had toured Europe and the Near East, spending Christmas in Palestine. Carol didn't quite remember where she had picked up all this information about the woman, but she had garnered it, bit by bit, during her visits.

Fred noticed the somewhat puzzled look on Carol's face and exclaimed, "Forgive us, Carol. We were just carried away, I guess. But Dolly Graham is — well, someone special."

"I know," Carol answered. "I've met her, of course, when Trudy was born, particularly. She helped so much. . . ."

The next morning Carol decided

not to go to the airport. The station wagon would be full enough without her.

"You'll have a lot to talk about, all of you, so I'll just wait here. You're going to stop here on your way to her place?"

"Of course. We'll have dinner. Mother would never forgive us if we didn't bring Dolly here first."

Grandma Trent watched the happy group depart, and then she turned to Carol. "I'm almost as excited as Fred," she said happily. "Dolly is almost like a daughter to me, almost as dear as Elizabeth was. You know, after Trudy's birth Elizabeth never was truly well again, and Dolly Graham did everything a woman could do to make Elizabeth's life easier. The children adore her, and she knows how to handle them so easily and happily. It's a good thing she is home again."

Carol knew the older woman wished to talk, so she asked, "What about her ranch while she's been gone?"

"The foreman, Luke Nebeker, has taken charge. But of course Fred has kept one eye on it."

Carol turned to the window and looked out at the serene, immutable face of the Tetons.

"Now that Tony's back," Mrs. Trent went on, "he'll probably take over. Tony Muir's a fine young man, Carol. I don't think you have met him. He came to the ranch here only a few times before he was called on his mission, right after his parents died. He helped his father run the family ranch near Boise before that. But I understand that place is sold now, so he'll

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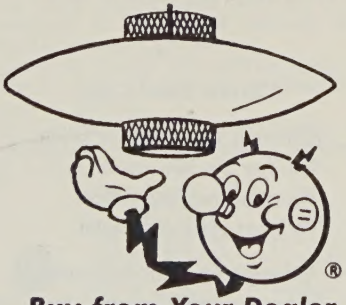

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probably run Dolly's. And," a speculative look came into the faded blue eyes, "if Dolly should marry again, well — if Tony's here, it would be easier for her."

Carol moved toward the door. "I think I'll take a little walk before dinner, if there's nothing I can do here to help." She always said that — and always there was nothing she could do. "I'll be back in an hour."

She went out and across the field, walking swiftly. It was good of Mrs. Trent to fill her in on the details. But, she shrugged, what did she care about Dolly Graham or Tony Muir or any of these strangers? It was Elizabeth's children she was concerned about. And she could read what was in their grandmother's mind — a wife for Fred, a hand-picked mother for the children. Well, they wouldn't need her, then. But her need for them was deep and lasting.

(*To be continued*)

Fog

Christie Lund Coles

Although no snow has fallen,
The fog has lain upon
The unsuspecting valley
To silver-plate each lawn.

Although no snow has fallen,
When morning mounts the gloom,
Each tree is spun with silver
Like boucle from a loom;

Although no snow has fallen,
Each shrub wears Belgian lace,
And with it iridescent pearls
From night's dark velvet case.

Birthday Congratulations

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Ninety-six

Mrs. Lorine Isabelle Lamb Higbee
Cedar City, Utah

Ninety-five

Mrs. Kate Abraham
Byron, Wyoming

Ninety-four

Mrs. Nancy Mann Kartchner
Salt Lake City, Utah

Ninety-three

Mrs. Catherine Lemon Rigby
Salt Lake City, Utah

Ninety-two

Mrs. Mary Jane Smart Webster
Rexburg, Idaho

Mrs. Robenia Marshall Ellis
Bountiful, Utah

Mrs. Anna Hillstead
Preston, Idaho

Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor McEntire
Rexburg, Idaho

Ninety-one

Mrs. Ellen Larson Smith
Mesa, Arizona

Mrs. Sina C. H. Mortenson
Mesa, Arizona

Mrs. Luella Hulett Dalley
Driggs, Idaho

Mrs. Ida Nicholas Durfee
Pocatello, Idaho

Ninety

Mrs. Annie Wood Westover
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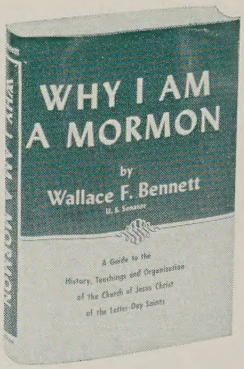
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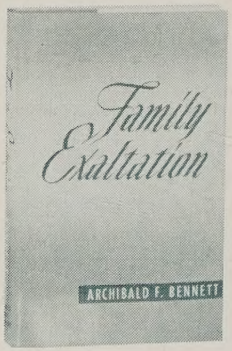

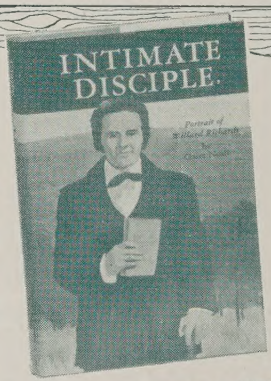

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